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THE
DISCOVERY OF INDIA:
AN EPIC POEM.

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THE
LUSIAD;
OR
THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA:
AN
EPIC POEM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF
LUIS DE CAMOENS.

WITH
AN HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.

BY
WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

A New Edition.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR JOSEPH HARDING.

1807.

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THE
LUSIAD.

BOOK III.

America Carleton
OH now, Calliope*, thy potent aid!

What to the King th' illustrious GAMA said
Clothe in immortal verse. With sacred fire
My breast, if e'er it loved thy lore, inspire:
So may the patron of the healing art,
The God of day to thee consign his heart;
From thee, the Mother of his darling Son,
May never wandering thought to Daphne run:

* *Calliope*—the Muse of Epic Poesy, and mother of Orpheus. *Daphne*, daughter of the river *Peneus*, flying from *Apollo*, was turned into the laurel. *Clytia* was metamorphosed into the Sun-flower, and *Leucothoe*, who was buried alive by her Father for yielding to the solicitations of *Apollo*, was by her Lover changed into an Incense tree. The physical meaning of these fables is obvious.

May never Clytia, nor Leucothoe's pride
Henceforth with thee his changeful love divide.
Then aid, O fairest Nymph, my fond desire,
And give my verse the Lusian warlike fire:
Fired by the Song, the listening world shall
know

That Aganippe's streams from Tagus flow.
Oh, let no more the flowers of Pindus shine
On thy fair breast, or round thy temples twine:
On Tago's banks a richer chaplet blows,
And with the tuneful God my bosom glows:
I feel, I feel the mighty power infuse,
And bathe my spirit in Aonian dew!

Now silence wooed th' illustrious Chief's reply,
And keen attention watch'd on every eye;
When slowly turning with a modest grace,
The noble Vasco raised his manly face;
O mighty King, he cries, at thy command
The martial story of my native land
I tell; but more my doubtful heart had joy'd
Had other wars my praiseful lips employ'd.

When men the honours of their race commend,
The doubts of strangers on the tale attend:
Yet though reluctance faulter on my tongue,
Though day would fail a narrative so long,
Yet well assured no fiction's glare can raise,
Or give my country's fame a brighter praise;
Though less, far less, whate'er my lips can say,
Than truth must give it, I thy will obey.

Between that zone, where endless winter reigns,
And that, where flaming heat consumes the plains;
Array'd in green, beneath indulgent skies,
The Queen of arts and arms fair Europe lies.
Around her northern and her western shores,
Throng'd with the finny race old Ocean roars;
The midland sea, where tide ne'er swell'd the
 waves,
Her richest lawns, the southern border, laves.
Against the rising morn, the northmost bound
The whirling Tanais parts from Asian ground,
As tumbling from the Scythian mountains cold
Their crooked way the rapid waters hold

To dull Mæotis' lake: her eastern line
More to the south, the Phrygian waves confine;
'Those waves, which, black with many a navy, bore
The Grecian heroes to the Dardan shore;
Where now the seaman rapt in mournful joy
Explores in vain the sad remains of Troy.
Wide to the north beneath the pole she spreads;
Here piles of mountains rear their rugged heads,
Here winds on winds in endless tempests roll,
The valleys sigh, the lengthening echoes howl.
On the rude cliffs with frosty spangles grey,
Weak as the twilight gleams the solar ray;
Each mountain's breast with snows eternal shines,
The streams and seas eternal frost confines.
Here dwelt the numerous Scythian tribes of old,
A dreadful race! by victor ne'er controul'd,
Whose pride maintain'd that theirs the sacred earth,
Not that of Nile, which first gave man his birth.
Here dismal Lapland spreads a dreary wild,
Here Norway's wastes where harvest never smil'd,
Whose groves of fir in gloomy horror frown,
Nod o'er the rocks, and to the tempest groan.

Here Scandia's clime her rugged shores extends,
And far projected, through the Ocean bends;
Whose sons' dread footsteps yet Ausonia wears,
And yet proud Rome in mournful ruin bears*.
When summer bursts stern winter's icy chain,
Here the bold Swede, the Prussian, and the Dane
Hoist the white sail, and plough the foamy way,
Cheer'd by whole months of one continual day.
Between these shores and Tanais' rushing tide
Livonia's sons and Russia's hords reside.
Stern as their clime the tribes, whose sires of
yore
The name, far dreaded, of Sarmatians bore.
Where fam'd of old, th' Hircinian forest lour'd,
Oft seen in arms the Polish troops are pour'd
Wide foraging the downs. The Saxon race,
The Hungar dextrous in the wild-boar chase,
The various nations whom the Rhine's cold wave
The Elbe, Amasis, and the Danube lave,

* *And yet proud Rome in mournful ruin bears.*—In the year 409 the city of Rome was sacked, and Italy laid desolate by Alaric, king of the Scandian and other northern tribes.

Of various tongues, for various princes known,
Their mighty Lord the German emperor own.
Between the Danube and the lucid tide
Where hapless Helle* left her name, and died,
The dreadful god of battles' kindred race,
Degenerate now, possess the hills of Thrace.
Mount Hæmus here, and Rhodope renown'd,
And proud Byzantium, long with empire crown'd;
Their ancient pride, their ancient virtue fled,
Low to the Turk now bend the servile head.
Here spread the fields of warlike Macedon,
And here those happy lands where genius shone
In all the arts, in all the Muse's charms,
In all the pride of elegance and arms,
Which to the heavens resounded Grecia's name,
And left in every age a deathless fame.

* *Helle*—A daughter of Athamas and Nephele. She fled from her father's house with her brother Phryxus, to avoid the cruel oppression of her mother-in-law Ino. According to some accounts she was carried through the air on a golden ram, which her mother had received from Neptune, and in her passage, becoming giddy, she fell from her seat into that part of the sea which from her received the name of Hellespont.

The stern Dalmatians till the neighbouring ground;
And where Antenor anchor'd in the sound,
Proud Venice as a queen majestic towers,
And o'er the trembling waves her thunder pours.
For learning glorious, glorious for the sword,
While Rome's proud monarch reign'd the world's
dread lord,
Here Italy her beauteous landscape shews;
Around her sides his arms old Ocean throws;
The dashing waves the ramparts aid supply;
The hoary Alps, high towering to the sky,
From shore to shore a rugged barrier spread,
And lour destruction on the hostile tread.
But now no more her hostile spirit burns;
There now the saint in humble vespers mourns;
To heaven more grateful than the pride of war,
And all the triumphs of the Victor's car.
Onward fair Gallia opens to the view
Her groves of olive, and her vineyards blue:
Wide spread her harvests o'er the scenes re-
nown'd,
Where Julius proudly strode with laurel crown'd.

Here Seyn,—how fair when glistening to the moon!
 Rolls his white wave; and here the cold Garoon;
 Here the deep Rhine the flowery margin laves;
 And here the rapid Rhone impervious raves.
 Here the gruff mountains, faithless to the vows
 Of lost Pyrene* rear their cloudy brows;
 Whence, when of old the flames their woods de-
 vour'd,
 Streams of red gold and melted silver pour'd.
 And now, as head of all the lordly train
 Of Europe's realms†, appears illustrious Spain.

* *Faithless to the vows of lost Pyrene, &c.*—She was daughter to Bebryx, a king of Spain, and concubine to Hercules. Having one day wandered from her lover, she was destroyed by wild beasts, on one of the mountains which bear her name. Diodorus Siculus, and others, derive the name of the Pyreneans from $\pi\tilde{\upsilon\rho}$, *fire*. To support which etymology they relate, that by the negligence of some shepherds the antient forests on these mountains were set on fire, and burned with such vehemence, that the melted metals spouted out and ran down from the sides of the hills. The allusion to this old tradition is in the true spirit of Homer and Virgil. C.

† *Of Europe's realms*—It is remarkable, that in this description of Europe, England should be entirely omitted; of so little consequence in the political scale did she then seem.

Alas, what various fortunes has she known!
Yet ever did her sons her wrongs atone;
Short was the triumph of her haughty foes,
And still with fairer bloom her honours rose.
Where lock'd with land the struggling currents boil,
Fam'd for the godlike Theban's latest toil*.
Against one coast the Punic strand extends,
And round her breast the midland ocean bends:
Around her shores two various oceans swell,
And various nations in her bosom dwell;
Such deeds of valour dignify their names,
Each the imperial right of honour claims.
Proud Arragon, who twice her standard reared
In conquer'd Naples; and for art revered,

The time when Camoens wrote this may be estimated from the beginning of the seventh Book, which appears to have been written in the reign of Henry VIII. though the *Lusiad* was not published till the fourteenth of Elizabeth.

* *The Theban's latest toil.*—Hercules, says the fable, to crown his labours, separated the two mountains Calpe and Abyla, the one now in Spain, the other in Africa, in order to open a canal for the benefit of commerce. Upon this opening, the ocean rushed in, and formed the Mediterranean, the Egean, and Euxine seas.

Galicia's prudent sons; the fierce Navar;
And he far dreaded in the Moorish war,
The bold Asturian; nor Sevilia's race,
Nor thine, Granada, claim the second place.
Here too the heroes who command the plain
By Betis water'd; here, the pride of Spain,
The brave Castilian pauses o'er his sword,
His country's dread deliverer and lord.
Proud o'er the rest, with splendid wealth array'd,
As crown to this wide empire, Europe's head,
Fair Lusitania smiles, the western bound,
Whose verdant breast the rolling waves surround,
Where gentle evening pours her lambent ray,
The last pale gleaming of departing day:
This, this, O mighty King, the sacred earth,
This the loved parent-soil that gave me birth.
And oh, would bounteous heaven my prayer regard,
And fair success my perilous toils reward,
May that dear land my latest breath receive,
And give my weary bones a peaceful grave.

Sublime the honours of my native land,
And high in heaven's regard her heroes stand;
By heaven's decree 'twas theirs the first to quell
The Moorish tyrants, and from Spain expel;
Nor could their burning wilds conceal their
flight,
Their burning wilds confest the Lusian might.
From Lusus famed, whose honour'd name we bear,
(The son of Bacchus or the bold compeer,)
The glorious name of Lusitania rose,
A name tremendous to the Roman foes,
When her bold troops the valiant shepherd led,
And foul with rout the Roman eagles fled;
When haughty Rome atchiev'd the treacherous
blow*,
That own'd her terror of the matchless foe.
But when no more her Viriatus fought,
Age after age her deeper thraldom brought;
Her broken sons by ruthless tyrants spurn'd,
Her vineyards languish'd, and her pastures mourn'd;

* ———*the treacherous blow*—The assassination of Viriatus.
See the note on Book I. p. 14.

Till time revolving raised her drooping head,
And o'er the wondering world her conquests
spread.

Thus rose her power: the lands of lordly Spain
Were now the brave Alonzo's wide domain;
Great were his honours in the bloody fight,
And Fame proclaim'd him champion of the right.
And oft the groaning Saracen's proud crest
And shatter'd mail his awful force confest.
From Calpe's summits to the Caspian shore
Loud-tongued Renown his godlike actions bore.
And many a chief from distant regions came*
To share the laurels of Alonzo's fame ;

* *And many a chief from distant regions came*—Don Alonzo, king of Spain, apprehensive of the superior number of the Moors, with whom he was at war, demanded assistance from Philip I. of France, and of the duke of Burgundy. According to the military spirit of the nobility of that age, no sooner was his desire known than numerous bodies of troops thronged to his standard. These, in the course of a few years, having shewn signal proofs of their courage, the king distinguished the leaders with different marks of his regard. To Henry, a younger son of the duke of Burgundy, he gave his daughter Teresa in marriage, with the sovereignty of the countries to the south of Galicia, commissioning him to enlarge his boun-

Yet more for holy Faith's unspotted cause
Their spears they wielded, than for Fame's applause.
Great were the deeds their thundering arms display'd,
And still their foremost swords the battle sway'd.
And now to honour with distinguished meed
Each hero's worth, the generous king decreed.
The first and bravest of the foreign bands
Hungaria's younger son brave Henry* stands.

daries by the expulsion of the infidels. Under the government of this great man, who reigned by the title of Count, his dominion was greatly enlarged, and became more rich and populous than before. The two provinces of *Entro Minho e Douro*, and *Fra los Montes*, were subdued, with that part of *Beira* which was held by the Moorish king of *Lamego*, whom he constrained to pay tribute. Many thousands of Christians, who had fled to the mountains, took shelter under the protection of Count Henry. Great multitudes of the Moors also chose to submit and remain in their native country under a mild government. These advantages, added to the great fertility of the soil of Henry's dominions, will account for the numerous armies and the frequent wars of the first sovereigns of Portugal.

* *Hungaria's younger son*—Camoens, in making the founder of the Portuguese monarchy a younger son of the King of Hungary, has followed the old chronologist *Galvan*; the Spanish and Portuguese historians differ widely in their accounts of the parentage of this gallant stranger.

To him are given the fields where Tagus flows,
And the glad King his daughter's hand bestows;
The fair Teresa shines his blooming bride,
And owns her father's love, and Henry's pride.
With her, besides, the sire confirms in dower
Whate'er his sword might rescue from the Moor;
And soon on Hagar's race the hero pours
His warlike fury—soon the vanquish'd Moors
To him far round the neighbouring lands resign,
And heaven rewards him with a glorious line.
To him is born, heaven's gift, a gallant son,
The glorious founder of the Lusian throne.
Nor Spain's wide lands alone his deeds attest,
Delivered Judah, Henry's might confest.
On Jordan's bank the victor-hero strode,
Whose hallowed waters bathed the Saviour-God;
And Salem's gate her open folds display'd,
When Godfrey conquer'd by the hero's aid.
But now no more in tented fields opposed,
By Tagus' stream his honoured age he closed;
Yet still his dauntless worth, his virtue lived,
And all the father in the son survived.

And soon his worth was proved ; the parent * dame
Avowed a second hymeneal flame.

The low-born spouse assumes the monarch's place,
And from the throne expels the orphan race.

But young Alphonso, like his sires of yore,
(His grandsire's virtues as his name he bore)

Arms for the fight his ravish'd throne to win,
And the laced helmet grasps his beardless chin.

* ———*the parent dame*—Don Alonzo Enriquez, son of Count Henry, was only entered into his third year when his father died. His mother assumed the reins of government, and appointed Don *Fernando Perez de Traba* to be her minister. When the young prince was in his eighteenth year, some of the nobility, who either envied the power of Don *Perez*, or were really offended with the reports that were spread of his familiarity with the prince's mother, of his intention to marry her, and to exclude the lawful heir, easily persuaded the young Count to take arms, and assume the sovereignty. A battle ensued, in which the prince was victorious. Teresa, it is said, retired into the castle of *Legonaso*, where she was taken captive by her son, who condemned her to perpetual imprisonment, and ordered chains to be put upon her legs. That Don Alonzo made war against his mother, vanquished her party, and that she died in prison about two years after, A. D. 1130, are certain. But the cause of the war, that his mother was married to, or intended to marry Don *Perez*, and that she was put in chains, are uncertain.

Her fiercest firebrands Civil Discord waved,
Before her troops the lustful mother raved;
Lost to maternal love, and lost to shame,
Unawed she saw heaven's awful vengeance flame;
The brother's sword the brother's bosom tore,
And sad Guimaria's meadows blush'd with gore;
With Lusian gore the peasant's cot was stain'd,
And kindred blood the sacred shrine profaned.

Here, cruel Progne, here, O Jason's wife*,
Yet reeking with your children's purple life,
Here glut your eyes with deeper guilt than yours;
Here fiercer rage her fiercer rancour pours.
Your crime was vengeance on the faithless sires,
But here ambition with foul lust conspires.

* *Here, cruel Progne, here, O Jason's wife*,—Tereus the husband of Progne, having ravished Philomela, his wife's sister; to conceal his crime, cut out her tongue, and confined her in a lonely castle, giving out that she was dead. Progne discovering her sister's concealment, effected her escape, and to be revenged of her husband, murdered her son Hylus, and served him up as food to his father Tereus.

Jason's wife,—Medea, to retaliate upon her husband Jason, for his infidelity with Glauce, killed two of her own children in his presence.

'Twas rage of love, O Scylla*, urged the knife
That robb'd thy father of his fated life;
Here grosser rage the mother's breast inflames,
And at her guiltless son the vengeance aims;
But aims in vain; her slaughter'd forces yield,
And the brave youth rides Victor o'er the field.
No more his subjects lift the thirsty sword,
And the glad realm proclaims the youthful Lord.
But ah, how wild the noblest tempers run!
His filial duty now forsakes the son;
Secluded from the day, in clanking chains
His rage the parent's aged limbs constrains. [brows,
Heaven frown'd—Dark vengeance lowring on his
And sheath'd in brass the proud Castilian rose,
Resolv'd the rigour to his daughter shewn,
The battle should avenge, and blood atone.

* *'Twas rage of love, O Scylla*—The Scylla here alluded to was, according to fable, the daughter of Nisus king of Megara, who had a purple lock, in which lay the fate of his kingdom. Minos of Crete made war against him, for whom Scylla conceived so violent a passion, that she cut off the fatal lock while her father slept. Minos on this was victorious, but rejected the love of the unnatural daughter, who in despair flung herself from a rock, and in the fall was changed into a lark.

A numerous host against the prince he sped,
The valiant prince his little army led:
Dire was the shock; the deep riven helms resound,
And foes with foes lie grappling on the ground.
Yet though around the Stripling's sacred head
By angel hands ethereal shields were spread;
Though glorious triumph on his valour smiled,
Soon on his van the baffled Foe recoil'd:
With bands more numerous to the field he came,
His proud heart burning with the rage of shame.
And now in turn Guimaria's lofty wall,
That saw his triumph, saw the hero fall:
Within the town immured, distress he lay,
To stern Castilia's sword a certain prey.
When now the guardian of his infant years,
The valiant Egas, as a god appears;
To proud Casteel the suppliant noble bows,
And faithful homage for his prince he vows.
The proud Casteel accepts his honour'd faith,
And peace succeeds the dreadful scenes of death.
Yet well, alas, the generous Egas knew
His high-soul'd Prince to man would never sue,

Would never stoop to brook the servile stain,
To hold a borrow'd, a dependent reign.
And now with gloomy aspect rose the day,
Decreed the plighted servile rites to pay;
When Egas to redeem his faith's disgrace
Devotes himself, his spouse, and infant race.
In gowns of white, as sentenced felons clad,
When to the stake the sons of guilt are led,
With feet unshod they slowly moved along,
And from their necks the knotted halters hung.
And now, O King, the kneeling Egas cries*,
Behold my perjured honour's sacrifice:
If such mean victims can atone thine ire,
Here let my wife, my babes, myself expire.
If generous bosoms such revenge can take,
Here let them perish for the father's sake:
The guilty tongue, the guilty hands are these,
Nor let a common death thy wrath appease;

* ———*the kneeling Egas cries*,—Egas and his family are represented on their monument in the monastery of Paco de Souza, in bas relief, in the attitude and garb as described by Camoens.

For us let all the rage of torture burn,
But to my Prince, thy son, in friendship turn.

He spoke, and bow'd his prostrate body low,
As one who waits the lifted sabre's blow,
When o'er the block his languid arms are spread,
And death, foretasted, whelms the heart with dread.
So great a Leader thus in humbled state,
So firm his loyalty, and zeal so great,
The brave Alonzo's kindled ire subdued,
And lost in silent joy the Monarch stood;
Then gave the hand, and sheath'd the hostile sword,
And to such honour honour'd peace restored.

Oh Lusian faith! oh zeal beyond compare!
What greater danger could the Persian dare,
Whose prince in tears, to view his mangled woe,
Forgot the joy for Babylon's o'erthrow.*

* ——— *Babylon's o'erthrow* — When Darius laid siege to Babylon, one of his Lords, named Zopyrus, having cut off his nose and ears, persuaded the enemy that he had received these indignities from the cruelty of his master. Being appointed to a chief command in Babylon, he betrayed the city to Darius. Vid. Justin.

And now the youthful hero shines in arms,
The banks of Tagus echo war's alarms:
O'er Ourique's wide campaign his ensigns wave,
And the proud Saracen to combat brave.
Though prudence might arraign his fiery rage
That dared, with one, each hundred spears engage,
In heaven's protecting care his courage lies,
And heaven, his friend, superior force supplies.
Five Moorish Kings against him march along,
Ismar the noblest of the armed throng;
Yet each brave Monarch claim'd the Soldier's
name,
And far o'er many a land was known to fame.
In all the beauteous glow of blooming years,
Beside each King a warrior Nymph appears*;
Each with her sword her valiant Lover guards,
With smiles inspires him, and with smiles rewards.

* *Beside each King a warrior Nymph appears.*—The Spanish and Portuguese histories afford several instances of the Moorish Chiefs being attended in the field of battle by their mistresses, and of the romantic gallantry and Amazonian courage of these ladies.

Such was the valour of the beauteous Maid *,
Whose warlike arm proud Ilion's fate delay'd :
Such in the field the virgin warriors shone,
Who drank the limpid wave of Thermodon †.

'Twas morn's still hour, before the dawning grey
The star's bright twinkling radiance died away ;
When lo, resplendent in the heaven serene,
High o'er the Prince the sacred Cross was seen ;
The godlike Prince with faith's warm glow inflamed,
Oh, not to me, my bounteous God, exclaim'd,
Oh, not to me, who well thy grandeur know,
But to the Pagan herd thy wonders shew !

The Lusian host, enraptured, mark'd the sign
That witness'd to their Chief the aid divine :
Right on the foe they shake the beamy lance,
And with firm strides, and heaving breasts, advance ;

* *The beauteous Maid*.—Penthesilea, Queen of the Amazons, who, after having signalized her valour at the siege of Troy, was killed by Achilles.

† *Thermodon*.—A river of Scythia in the country of the Amazons.

Then burst the silence, Hail, O King, they cry;
Our King, our King, the echoing dales reply.
Fired at the sound, with fiercer ardour glows
The heaven-made Monarch; on the wareless foes
Rushing, he speeds his ardent bands along:
So when the chase excites the rustic throng,
Roused to fierce madness by their mingled cries,
On the wild bull the red-eyed mastiff flies:
The stern-brow'd tyrant roars and tears the ground,
His watchful horns portend the deathful wound;
The nimble mastiff, springing on the foe,
Avoids the furious sharpness of the blow:
Now by the neck, now by the gory sides
Hangs fierce, and all his bellowing rage derides:
In vain his eye-balls burn with living fire,
In vain his nostrils clouds of smoke respire;
His gorge torn down, down falls the furious prize
With hollow thundering sound, and raging dies.
Thus on the Moors the hero rush'd along,
Th' astonish'd Moors in wild confusion throng;
They snatch their arms, the hasty trumpet sounds,
With horrid yell the dread alarm rebounds;

The warlike tumult maddens o'er the plain,
As when the flame devours the bearded grain:
The nightly flames the whistling winds inspire,
Fierce through the braky thicket pours the fire:
Rous'd by the crackling of the mounting blaze,
From sleep the shepherds start in wild amaze;
They snatch their clothes with many a woeful cry,
And scatter'd devious to the mountains fly.
Such sudden dread the trembling Moors alarms,
Wild and confused they snatch the nearest arms;
Yet flight they scorn, and eager to engage [rage:
They spur their foamy steeds, and trust their furious
Amidst the horror of the headlong shock,
With foot unshaken as the living rock
Stands the bold Lusian firm; the purple wounds
Gush horrible, deep groaning rage resounds;
Reeking behind the Moorish backs appear
The shining point of many a Lusian spear;
The mail-coats, hauberks, and the harness steel'd,
Bruis'd, hack'd, and torn, lie scatter'd o'er the field;
Beneath the Lusian sweepy force o'erthrown,
Crush'd by their batter'd mails the wounded groan;

Burning with thirst they draw their panting breath,
 And curse their Prophet as they writhe in death.
 Arms sever'd from the trunks still grasp the steel,
 Heads gasping roll; the fighting squadrons reel;
 Fainty and weak with languid arms they close,
 And staggering grapple with the staggering foes.
 So when an oak falls headlong on the lake,
 The troubled waters, slowly settling, shake:
 So faints the languid combat on the plain,
 And settling staggers o'er the heaps of slain.
 Again the Lusian fury wakes its fires,
 The terror of the Moors new strength inspires;
 The scatter'd few in wild confusion fly,
 And total rout resounds the yelling cry.
 Defiled with one wide sheet of reeking gore,
 The verdure of the lawn appears no more:
 In bubbling streams the lazy currents run,
 And shoot red flames beneath the evening sun.
 With spoils enrich'd, with glorious trophies*
 crown'd
 The heaven-made Sovereign on the battle ground

* ———with glorious trophies crown'd—This memorable battle was fought in the plans of Ourique, in 1139, when the Moors

Three days encampt, to rest his weary train,
Whose dauntless valour drove the Moors from Spain.

were totally routed with incredible slaughter. On the field of battle Alonzo was proclaimed king of Portugal. The Portuguese writers have given many fabulous accounts of this victory. Some affirm, that the Moorish army amounted to 380,000; others, 480,000, and others swell it to 600,000; whereas Don Alonzo's did not exceed 13,000. Miracles must also be added. Alonzo, they tell us, putting his army in motion at break of day, suddenly beheld in the eastern sky, the figure of the Cross, and Christ upon it, who promised him a complete victory, and commanded him to accept the title of King, if it was offered him by the army. The same writers state, that as a standing memorial of this miraculous event, Don Alonzo changed the arms which his father had given, of a cross azure in a field argent, for five escutcheons, each charged with five bezants, in memory of the five wounds of Christ. Others assert, that he gave in a field argent five escutcheons azure, in the form of a Cross, each charged with five bezants argent, placed salterwise, with a point sable, in memory of five wounds he himself received, and of five Moorish kings slain in the battle. The Portuguese adorned the victory which gave birth to their Monarchy, with miracle, and the new Sovereignty with a command from heaven, circumstances extremely agreeable both to the military pride and the superstition of these times. The regal dignity and constitution of the Monarchy, however, were not finally settled till about six years after the battle of *Ourique*. An account of the coronation of the first king of Portugal, and the principles of liberty which then prevailed in that kingdom, are worthy of our attention. The arms of Don Alonzo having been attended with

And now in honour of the glorious day,
 When five proud Monarchs fell his vanquish'd prey,
 On his broad buckler, unadorn'd before,
 Placed as a Cross, five azure shields he wore,
 In grateful memory of the heavenly sign,
 The pledge of conquest by the aid divine.

Nor long his faulchion in the scabbard slept,
 His warlike arm increasing laurels reapt:

great success, in 1145 he called an assembly of the Prelates, Nobility, and Commons, at *Lamego*. When the assembly opened, he appeared, seated on the throne, but without any other marks of regal dignity. *Laurence de Viegas* then demanded of the assembly, whether, according to the election on the field of battle at *Ourique*, they chose to have Don *Alonzo Enriquez* for their king? To this they answered in the affirmative; and the Archbishop of *Braga* then placed the crown upon his head, the king having his sword drawn in his hand. Eighteen short statutes were then framed, and assented to by the people. *Laurence de Viegas* at length proposed the great question, Whether it was their pleasure that the king should go to *Leon*, to do homage and pay tribute to that prince, or to any other. On this, every man drawing his sword, cried with a loud voice, "We are free, and our king is free; we owe our liberty to our courage. If the king shall at any time submit to such an act, he deserves death, and shall not reign either over us, or among us."

From Leyra's walls the baffled Ismar flies,
And strong Arroncha falls his conquer'd prize;
That honour'd town, through whose Elysian groves
Thy smooth and limpid wave, O Tagus, roves.
Th' illustrious Santarene confest his power,
And vanquish'd Mafra yields her proudest tower.
The Lunar mountains saw his troops display
Their marching banners and their brave array;
To him submits fair Cintra's cold domain,
The soothing refuge of the Naiad train,
When Love's sweet snares the pining Nymphs would
shun:

Alas, in vain from warmer climes they run:
The cooling shades awake the young desires,
And the cold fountains cherish love's soft fires.
And thou, famed Lisboa, whose embattled wall
Rose by the hand* that wrought proud Ilion's
fall;

* *Rose by the hand*—The tradition, that Lisbon was built by Ulysses, and thence called *Olyssipolis*, is as common as that (and of equal authority with it) which says, that Brute landed a colony of Trojans in England, and gave the name of *Britannia* to the island.

Thou queen of Cities*, whom the seas obey,
Thy dreaded ramparts own'd the Hero's sway.
Far from the north a warlike navy bore
From Elbe, from Rhine, and Albion's misty shore,
To rescue Salem's long-polluted shrine;
Their force to great Alonzo's force they join:
Before Ulysses' walls the navy rides,
The joyful Tagus laves their pitchy sides.
Five times the moon her empty horns conceal'd,
Five times her broad effulgence shone reveal'd,
When, wrapt in clouds of dust, her mural pride
Falls thundering,—black the smoking breach yawns
wide.

* *Thou queen of Cities*—The conquest of Lisbon was of the utmost importance to the infant Monarchy. It is one of the finest ports in the world, and ere the invention of cannon, was of great strength. The old Moorish wall was flanked by seventy-seven towers, was about six miles in length, and fourteen in circumference. When besieged by Don Alonzo, according to some, it was garrisoned by an army of 200,000 men. This, not to say impossible, is highly incredible. That it was strong, however, and well garrisoned, is certain. It is also certain, that Alonzo owed the conquest of it to a fleet of adventurers, who were going to the Holy Land, the greatest part of whom were English.

As when th' imprison'd waters burst the mounds,
And roar, wide sweeping, o'er the cultured grounds;
Nor cot nor fold withstand their furious course;
So headlong rush'd along the Hero's force.
The thirst of vengeance the assailants fires,
The madness of despair the Moors inspires;
Each lane, each street resounds the conflict's roar,
And every threshold reeks with tepid gore.

Thus fell the City, whose unconquer'd towers*
Defy'd of old the banded Gothic powers,
Whose harden'd nerves in rigorous climates train'd
The savage courage of their souls sustain'd;
Before whose sword the sons of Ebro fled,
And Tagus trembled in his oozy bed;
Aw'd by whose arms the lawns of Betis' shore
The name Vandalia from the Vandals bore.

When Lisboa's towers before the Lusian fell,
What fort, what rampart might his arms repel!

* ——— *Unconquer'd towers*—This assertion of Camoens is not without foundation, for it was by treachery that Herimeneric, the Goth, got possession of Lisbon.

Estremadura's region owns him Lord,
And Torres-vedras bends beneath his sword;
Obidos humbles, and Alamquer yields,
Alamquer famous for her verdant fields,
Whose murmuring rivulets cheer the traveller's
way,

As the chill waters o'er the pebbles stray.
Elva the green, and Moura's fertile dales,
Fair Serpa's tillage, and Alcazar's vales
Not for himself the Moorish peasant sows;
For Lusian hands the yellow harvest glows:
And you, fair lawns, beyond the Tago's wave,
Your golden burdens for Alonzo save;
Soon shall his thundering might your wealth re-
claim,

And your glad valleys hail their monarch's name.

Nor sleep his captains while the sovereign
wars;

The brave Giraldo's sword in conquest shares;
Evora's frowning walls, the castled hold
Of that proud Roman chief, and rebel bold,

Sertorius dread, whose labours still remain* ;
Two hundred arches, stretch'd in length, sustain
The marble duct, where, glistening to the sun,
Of silver hue the shining waters run.
Evora's frowning walls now shake with fear,
And yield obedient to Giraldo's spear.
Nor rests the monarch while his servants toil,
Around him still increasing trophies smile,
And deathless fame repays the hapless fate
That gives to human life so short a date.
Proud Beja's castled walls his fury storms,
And one red slaughter every lane deforms.
The ghosts, whose mangled limbs, yet scarcely cold,
Heapt sad Trancoso's streets in carnage roll'd,
Appeased, the vengeance of their slaughter see,
And hail th' indignant king's severe decree.
Palmela trembles on her mountain's height,
And sea-laved Zambra owns the hero's might.

* ——— *whose labours still remain* ;—The aqueduct of Sertorius, here mentioned, is one of the grandest remains of antiquity. It was repaired by John III. of Portugal, about A. D. 1540.

Nor these alone confest his happy star,
Their fated doom produced a nobler war.
Badaja's king, an haughty Moor, beheld
His towns besieged, and hasted to the field.
Four thousand coursers in his army neigh'd,
Unnumber'd spears his infantry display'd:
Proudly they march'd, and glorious to behold,
In silver belts they shone, and plates of gold.
Along a mountain's side secure they trod;
Steep on each hand, and rugged was the road;
When as a bull, whose lustful veins betray
The maddening tumult of inspiring May:
If, when his rage with fiercest ardour glows,
When in the shade the fragrant heifer lows,
If then perchance his jealous burning eye
Behold a careless traveller wander by,
With dreadful bellowing on the wretch he flies;
The wretch defenceless torn and trampled dies.
So rush'd Alonzo on the gaudy train,
And pour'd victorious o'er the mangled slain;
The royal Moor precipitates in flight;
The mountain echoes with the wild affright

Of flying squadrons; down their arms they throw,
And dash from rock to rock to shun the foe.
The foe ! what wonders may not virtue dare !
But sixty horsemen* waged the conquering war.
The warlike monarch still his toil renews;
New conquest still each victory pursues.
To him Badaja's lofty gates expand,
And the wide region owns his dread command.
When now enraged proud Leon's king beheld
Those walls subdued which saw his troops expell'd;
Enraged he saw them own the victor's sway,
And hems them round with battalious array.
With generous ire the brave Alonzo glows,
By heaven unguarded, on the numerous foes
He rushes, glorying in his wonted force,
And spurs with headlong rage his furious horse;
The combat burns, the snorting courser bounds,
And paws impetuous by the iron mounds:
O'er gasping foes and sounding bucklers trod
The raging steed, and headlong as he rode

* *But sixty horsemen*—The history of this battle wants authenticity.

Dash'd the fierce monarch on a rampire bar—
Low groveling in the dust, the pride of war,
The great Alonzo lies. The captive's fate
Succeeds, alas, the pomp of regal state,
“Let iron dash his limbs,” his mother cried,
“And steel revenge my chains:” she spoke, and
died;

And heaven assented—Now the hour was come,
And the dire curse was fallen Alonzo's doom*.

* — *Alonzo's doom.*—As already observed, there is no authentic proof that Don Alonzo used such severity to his mother as to put her in chains. Brandan says it was reported that Don Alonzo was born with both his legs growing together, and that he was cured by the prayers of his tutor *Egas Nunio*. Legendary as this may appear, this however is deducible from it, that from his birth there was something amiss about his legs. When he was prisoner to his son-in-law Don *Fernando* king of Leon, he recovered his liberty, ere his leg, which was fractured in the battle, was restored to strength, on condition that as soon as he was able to mount on horseback, he should come to *Leon*, and in person do homage for his dominions. This condition, so contrary to his coronation agreement, he found means to avoid. He would never more mount on horseback, but, on pretence of lameness, ever after affected to ride in a calash. This, his natural, and afterward political, infirmity, the superstitious of those days ascribed to the curses of his mother.

No more, O Pompey, of thy fate complain,
No more with sorrow view thy glory's stain;
Though thy tall standards tower'd with lordly pride
Where northern Phasis rolls his icy tide;
Though hot Syene, where the sun's fierce ray
Begets no shadow, own'd thy conquering sway;
Though from the tribes that shiver in the gleam
Of cold Bootes' watery glistening team,
To those who parch'd beneath the burning line,
In fragrant shades their feeble limbs recline,
The various languages proclaim'd thy fame,
And trembling own'd the terrors of thy name;
Though rich Arabia, and Sarmatia bold,
And Colchis, famous for the fleece of gold;
Though Judah's land, whose sacred rites implored
The One true God, and, as he taught, adored;
Though Cappadocia's realm thy mandate sway'd,
And base Sophenia's sons thy nod obey'd;
Though vex'd Cicilia's pirates wore thy bands
And those who cultured fair Armenia's lands,
Where from the sacred mount two rivers flow,
And what was Eden to the Pilgrim shew;

Though from the vast Atlantic's bounding wave
To where the northern tempests howl and rave
Round Taurus' lofty brows: though vast and wide
The various climes that bended to thy pride;
No more with pining anguish of regret
Bewail the horrors of Pharsalia's fate:
For great Alonzo, whose superior name
Unequal'd victories consign to fame,
The great Alonzo fell—like thine his woe;
From nuptial kindred came the fatal blow.

When now the hero, humbled in the dust,
His crime atoned, confest that heaven was just,
Again in splendor he the throne ascends:
Again his bow the Moorish chieftain bends.
Wide round th' embattled gates of Santareen
Their shining spears and banner'd moons are seen.
But holy rites the pious king preferr'd;
The Martyr's bones on Vincent's Cape interr'd,
(His sainted name the Cape shall ever bear)
To Lisboa's walls he brought with votive care.

And now the monarch, old and feeble grown,
Resigns the faulchion to his valiant son.
O'er Tago's waves the youthful hero past,
And bleeding hosts before him shrunk aghast:
Chok'd with the slain, with Moorish carnage
dy'd,
Sevilia's river roll'd the purple tide.
Burning for victory the warlike boy
Spares not a day to thoughtless rest or joy.
Nor long his wish unsatisfied remains:
With the besiegers' gore he dies the plains
That circle Beja's wall: yet still untamed,
With all the fierceness of despair inflamed,
The raging Moor collects his distant might;
Wide from the shores of Atlas' starry height,
From Amphelusius's cape, and Tingia's bay,
Where stern Antæus held his brutal sway,
The Mauritanian trumpet sounds to arms,
And Juba's realm returns the hoarse alarms;
The swarthy tribes in burnish'd armour shine,
Their warlike march Abeyla's shepherds join.

The great Miramolin* on Tago's shores
Far o'er the coast his banner'd thousands pours;
Twelve kings and one beneath his ensigns stand,
And wield their sabres at his dread command.
The plundering bands far round the region haste,
The mournful region lies a naked waste.
And now enclosed in Santareen's high towers
The brave Don Sanco shuns th' unequal powers;
A thousand arts the furious Moor pursues,
And ceaseless still the fierce assault renews.
Huge clefts of rock, from horrid engines whirl'd,
In smouldering volleys on the town are hurl'd;
The brazen rams the lofty turrets shake,
And, mined beneath, the deep foundations quake;
But brave Alonzo's son, as danger grows,
His pride inflamed, with rising courage glows;
Each coming storm of missile darts he wards,
Each nodding turret, and each port he guards.

* ——— *Miramolin*,—not the name of a person, but a title, *quasi Soldan*. The Arabs call it Emir-Almoumini, *the Emperor of the Faithful*.

In that fair city, round whose verdant meads
The branching river of Mondego spreads,
Long worn with warlike toils, and bent with years
The king reposed, when Sanco's fate he hears.
His limbs forget the feeble steps of age,
And the hoar warrior burns with youthful rage.
His daring Veterans, long to conquest train'd,
He leads—the ground with Moorish blood is stain'd ;
Turbans, and robes of various colours wrought,
And shiver'd spears in streaming carnage float.
In harness gay lies many a weltering steed,
And low in dust the groaning masters bleed.
As proud Miramolin in horror fled,
Don Sanco's javelin stretch'd him with the dead.
In wild dismay, and torn with gushing wounds
The rout wide scatter'd fly the Lusian bounds.
Their hands to heaven the joyful victors raise,
And every voice resounds the song of praise ;
“ Nor was it stumbling chance, nor human might,
“ 'Twas guardian heaven,” they sung, “ that ruled
the fight.”

This blissful day Alonzo's glories crown'd;
But pale disease now gave the secret wound;
Her icy hand his feeble limbs invades,
And pining langour through his vitals spreads.
The glorious monarch to the tomb descends,
A nation's grief the funeral torch attends.
Each winding shore for thee, Alonzo, mourns,
Alonzo's name each woful bay returns;
For thee the rivers sigh their groves among,
And funeral murmurs wailing, roll along;
Their swelling tears o'erflow the wide campaign;
With floating heads, for thee, the yellow grain,
For thee the willow bowers and copses weep,
As their tall boughs lie trembling on the deep;
Adown the streams the tangled vine-leaves flow;
And all the landscape wears the look of woe.
Thus o'er the wondering world thy glories spread,
And thus thy mournful people bow the head;
While still, at eve, each dale Alonzo sighs,
And, Oh, Alonzo! every hill replies;
And still the mountain echoes trill the lay,
Till blushing morn brings on the noisy day.

The youthful Sanco to the throne succeeds,
 Already far renown'd for valorous deeds;
 Let Betis tinged with blood his prowess tell,
 And Beja's lawns, where boastful Afric fell.
 Nor less, when king, his martial ardour glows,
 Proud Sylves' royal walls his troops enclose:
 Fair Sylves' lawns the Moorish peasant plough'd,
 Her vineyards cultured, and her valleys sow'd;
 But Lisboa's monarch reapt. The winds of heaven
 Roar'd high—and headlong by the tempest driven,
 In Tago's breast a gallant navy sought
 The sheltering port, and glad assistance brought*.
 The warlike crew, by Frederic the Red,
 To rescue Judah's prostrate land were led;
 When Guido's troops, by burning thirst subdued,
 To Saladine the foe for mercy sued†.

* —and glad assistance brought.—The Portuguese, in their wars with the Moors, were several times assisted by the English and German crusaders. In the present instance the fleet was mostly English, the troops of which nation were, according to agreement, rewarded with the plunder, which was exceeding rich, of the city of Silves. *Nuniz de Leon as cronicas das Reis de Port.*

† To Saladine the foe for mercy sued.—In the reign of Guido,

Their vows were holy, and the cause the same,
To blot from Europe's shores the Moorish name.
In Sanco's cause the gallant navy joins,
And royal Sylves to their force resigns.
Thus sent by heaven a foreign naval band
Gave Lisboa's ramparts to the Sire's command.

Nor Moorish trophies did alone adorn
The Hero's name; in warlike camps though born,
Though fenced with mountains, Leon's martial race
Smile at the battle-sign, yet foul disgrace
To Leon's haughty sons his sword achieved;
Proud Tui's neck his servile yoke received;
And far around falls many a wealthy town,
O valiant Sanco, humbled to thy frown.

While thus his laurels flourish'd wide and fair,
He dies: Alonzo reigns, his much-loved heir.

the last Christian king of Jerusalem, the streams which supplied his army with water were cut off by Saladine, the victorious Mamaluke; by which means Guido's army was reduced to submission.

Alcazar lately conquer'd by the Moor,
Reconquer'd, streams with the defenders' gore.

Alonzo dies: another Sanco reigns:
Alas, with many a sigh the land complains!
Unlike his Sire, a vain unthinking boy,
His servants now a jarring sway enjoy.
As his the power, his were the crimes of those
Whom to dispense that sacred power he chose.
By various counsels waver'd and confused,
By seeming friends, by various arts abused;
Long undetermined, blindly rash at last,
Enraged, unmann'd, untutor'd by the past.
Yet not like Nero, cruel and unjust,
The slave capricious of unnatural lust:
Nor had he smiled had flames consumed his
Troy;
Nor could his people's groans afford him joy;
Nor did his woes from female manners spring,
Unlike the Syrian*, or Sicilia's king.

* ——— *Unlike the Syrian*—Sardinapalus.

No hundred cooks his costly meal prepared,
 As heapt the board when Rome's proud tyrant
 fared *:
 Nor dared the artist hope his ear to gain,
 By new-form'd arts to point the stings of pain†.
 But proud and high the Lusian spirit soar'd,
 And ask'd a godlike hero for their Lord.
 To none accustom'd but an hero's sway,
 Great must he be whom that bold race obey.

Complaint, loud murmur'd, every city fills,
 Complaint, loud echoed, murmurs through the hills.
 Alarm'd, Bolonia's warlike Earl ‡ awakes,
 And from his listless brother's minions takes

* — *When Rome's proud tyrant fared.*—Heliogabalus, infamous for his gluttony.

† *By new form'd arts to point the stings of pain.*—Alluding to the story of Phalaris.

‡ — *Bolonia's warlike Earl*—Camoens, who was quite an enthusiast for the honour of his country, has in this instance disguised the truth of history. Don Sancho was by no means the weak Prince here represented, nor did the miseries of his reign proceed from himself. At the death of his father Alonzo II. he was left to struggle with an enraged and factious

The awful sceptre.—Soon was joy restored,
And soon, by just succession, Lisboa's Lord,
Beloved, Alonzo named the bold, he reigns;
Nor may the limits of his Sire's domains
Confine his mounting spirit. When he led
His smiling Consort to the bridal bed,
Algarbia's realm, he cried, shall prove thy dower,
And soon Algarbia conquer'd own'd his power.
The vanquish'd Moor with total rout expell'd,
All Lusus' shores his might unrivall'd held.
And now brave Diniz reigns, whose noble fire
Bespoke the genuine lineage of his Sire.
Now heavenly peace wide waved her olive bough,
Each vale display'd the labours of the plough
clergy, whose power, Alonzo had in vain attempted to curb.
The confusion which ensued, arrived at a most alarming
height. Alonzo was excommunicated by the Pope, to whom
the Clergy had applied for assistance, and his dominions were
put under an interdict. The exterior offices of religion were
suspended, and the people fell into the utmost dissoluteness of
manners. At this critical period, Sancho succeeded to the
throne, from which he was deposed by his brother the Earl of
Bologne, who fomented the general confusion, and with the
assistance of the clergy succeeded in seizing the crown.

And smiled with joy: the rocks on every shore
 Resound the dashing of the merchant-oar.
 Wise laws are form'd, and constitutions weigh'd,
 And the deep-rooted base of Empire laid.
 Not Ammon's son with larger heart bestow'd,
 Nor such the grace to him the Muses owed.
 From Helicon the Muses wing their way;
 Mondego's flowery banks invite their stay.
 Now Coimbra shines Minerva's proud abode;
 And fired with joy, Parnassus' bloomy God
 Beholds another dear-loved Athens rise,
 And spread her laurels in indulgent skies;
 Her wreath of laurels ever green he twines
 With threads of gold, and Baccaris* adjoins.
 Here castle walls in warlike grandeur lour,
 Her cities swell and lofty temples tower:

* — *Baccaris* — or Lady's glove, an herb to which the
 Druids and ancient Poets ascribed magical virtues.

————— *Baccare frontem*

Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

VIRG. Ecl. VII.

In wealth and grandeur each with other vies;
When old and loved the parent-monarch dies.
His son, alas, remiss in filial deeds
But wise in peace and bold in fight, succeeds,
The fourth Alonzo: ever arm'd for war
He views the stern Casteel with watchful care.
Yet when the Lybian nations crost the main,
And spread their thousands o'er the fields of Spain,
The brave Alonzo drew his awful steel
And sprung to battle for the proud Casteel.

When Babel's haughty Queen unsheath'd the
sword,
And o'er Hydaspes' lawns her legions pour'd;
When dreadful Attila*, to whom was given
That fearful name, the Scourge of angry heaven,
The fields of trembling Italy o'er-ran
With many a Gothic tribe and northern clan;

* *When dreadful Attila*—A king of the Huns, surnamed
The Scourge of God. He lived in the fifth century, and may
be reckoned among the greatest of barbarous conquerors.

Not such unnumber'd banners then were seen,
As now in fair Tartesia's dales convene ;
Numidia's bow and Mauritania's spear,
And all the might of Hagar's race was here ;
Granada's mongrels join their numerous host,
To those who dared the seas from Lybia's coast.
Awed by the fury of such ponderous force
The proud Castilian tries each hoped resource ;
Yet not by terror for himself inspired,
For Spain he trembled, and for Spain was fired.
His much-loved bride his messenger he sends*,
And to the hostile Lusian lowly bends.
The much-loved daughter of the King implored,
Now sues her father for her wedded Lord.
The beauteous dame approach'd the palace gate,
Where her great Sire was throned in regal state :
On her fair face deep-settled grief appears,
And her mild eyes are bathed in glistening tears ;

* *His much-loved bride*—The Princess Mary. She was a Lady of great beauty and virtue, but was exceedingly ill used by her husband, who was violently attached to his mistresses, though he owed his crown to the assistance of his father-in-law, the king of Portugal.

Her careless ringlets, as a mourner's, flow
Adown her shoulders and her breasts of snow :
A secret transport through the father ran,
While thus, in sighs, the royal bride began :

And know'st thou not, O warlike King, she cry'd,
That furious Afric pours her peopled tide,
Her barbarous nations o'er the fields of Spain?
Morocco's Lord commands the dreadful train.
Ne'er since the surges bathed the circling coast,
Beneath one standard march'd so dread an host:
Such the dire fierceness of their brutal rage,
Pale are our bravest youth as palsied age :
By night our fathers' shades confess their fear,
Their shrieks of terror from the tombs we hear:
To stem the rage of these unnumber'd bands,
Alone, O Sire, my gallant husband stands;
His little host alone their breasts oppose
To the barb'd darts of Spain's innumerable foes:
Then haste, O Monarch, thou whose conquering
spear
Has chill'd Malucca's sultry waves with fear;

Haste to the rescue of distress'd Casteel,
(Oh ! be that smile thy dear affection's seal !)
And speed, my father, ere my husband's fate
Be fixt, and I, deprived of regal state,
Be left in captive solitude forlorn,
My spouse, my kingdom, and my birth to mourn.

In tears, and trembling, spoke the filial queen :
So lost in grief was lovely Venus seen*,
When Jove, her Sire, the beauteous mourner pray'd
To grant her wandering son the promised aid.
Great Jove was mov'd to hear the fair deplore,
Gave all she ask'd, and grieved she ask'd no more.
So grieved Alonzo's noble heart. And now
The warrior binds in steel his awful brow :
The glittering squadrons march in proud array,
On burnish'd shields the trembling sun-beams
play :
The blaze of arms the warlike rage inspires,
And wakes from slothful peace the hero's fires.

* *So lost in grief*—See the first *Æneid*.

With trampling hoofs Evora's plains rebound,
And sprightly neighings echo far around;
Far on each side the clouds of dust arise,
The drum's rough rattling rolls along the skies;
The trumpet's shrilly clangor sounds alarms,
And each heart burns, and ardent pants for arms.
Where their bright blaze the royal ensigns pour'd,
High o'er the rest the great Alonzo tower'd;
High o'er the rest was his bold front admired,
And his keen eyes new warmth, new force in-
spired.

Proudly he march'd, and now in Tarif's plain
The two Alonzos join their martial train:
Right to the foe, in battle-rank updrawn, [lawn
They pause—the mountain and the wide-spread
Afford not foot-room for the crowded foe:
Awed with the horrors of the lifted blow
Pale look'd our bravest heroes. Swell'd with pride,
The foes already conquer'd Spain divide,
And lordly o'er the field the promised victors stride.
So strode in Elah's vale the towering height
Of Gath's proud champion; so with pale affright

The Hebrews trembled, while with impious pride
The huge-limb'd foe the shepherd boy defy'd:
The valiant boy advancing fits the string,
And round his head he whirls the sounding sling;
The monster staggers with the forceful wound,
And his vast bulk lies groaning on the ground.
Such impious scorn the Moor's proud bosom swell'd,
When our thin squadrons took the battle-field;
Unconscious of the Power who led us on,
That Power whose nod confounds th' infernal throne;
Led by that Power, the brave Castilian bared
The shining blade, and proud Morocco dared;
His conquering brand the Lusian hero drew,
And on Granada's sons resistless flew;
The spear-staffs crash, the splinters hiss around,
And the broad bucklers rattle on the ground.
With piercing shrieks the Moors their Prophet's
name,
And ours their guardian Saint aloud acclaim.
Wounds gush on wounds, and blows resound to blows,
A lake of blood the level plain o'erflows;

The wounded gasping in the purple tide,
Now find the death the sword but half supplied.
Though wove and quilted by their Ladies' hands*,
Vain were the mail-plates of Granada's bands.
With such dread force the Lusian rush'd along,
Steep'd in red carnage lay the boastful throng.
Yet now disdainful of so light a prize,
Fierce o'er the field the thundering hero flies,
And his bold arm the brave Castilian joins
In dreadful conflict with the Moorish lines.

The parting Sun now pour'd the ruddy blaze,
And twinkling Vesper shot his silvery rays
Athwart the gloom, and closed the glorious day,
When low in dust the strength of Afric lay.

* *Though wove and quilted by their Ladies' hands.*—When the spirit of chivalry prevailed, every youthful warrior had his mistress, to whose favour he laid no claim, till he had distinguished himself in the ranks of battle. If his first addresses were received, it was usual for the Lady to present her Lover with some weapon or piece of armour, adorned with her own needle-work; and of the goodness of whose metal and fabric, it was supposed, she was confident.

Such dreadful slaughter of the boastful Moor
Never on battle-field was heap'd before.
Not he whose childhood vow'd eternal hate
And desperate war against the Roman state,
Though three strong coursers bent beneath the weight
Of rings of gold, by many a Roman Knight,
Erewhile, the badge of rank distinguish'd, worn,
From their cold hands at Cannæ's slaughter torn;
Not his dread sword bespread the reeking plain
With such wide streams of gore, and hills of slain;
Nor thine, O Titus, swept from Salem's land,
Such floods of ghosts roll'd down to death's dark
Though ages ere she fell, the Prophets old [strand;
The dreadful scene of Salem's fall foretold
In words that breathe wild horror: Nor the shore,
When carnage chok'd the stream, so smok'd with
gore*,

* ———so smok'd with gore, when Marius' fainting legions—
When the soldiers of Marius complained of thirst, he pointed
to a river near the camp of the Ambrones; There, says he, you
may drink, but it must be purchased with blood. Lead us on,
they replied, that we may have something liquid, though it be

When Marius' fainting legions drank the flood,
 Yet warm and purpled with Ambronian blood;
 Not such the heaps as now the plains of Tarif strew'd.

While glory thus Alonzo's name adorn'd,
 To Lisboa's shores the happy Chief return'd,
 In glorious peace and well-deserved repose,
 His course of fame, and honoured age to close.
 When now, O king, a Damsel's fate severe*,
 A fate which ever claims the woful tear,

blood. The Romans forcing their way to the river, the channel was filled with the dead bodies of the slain. Vid. Plut.

* ——— *a Damsel's fate severe*—This unfortunate lady, Donna Inez de Castro, was the daughter of a *Castilian* gentleman, who had taken refuge in the court of Portugal. Her beauty and accomplishments attracted the regard of Don Pedro, the king's eldest son, a prince of a brave and noble disposition. *La Neufville, Le Clede*, and other historians, assert, that she was privately married to the prince ere she had any share in his bed. Nor was his conjugal fidelity less remarkable than the ardour of his passion. Afraid, however, of his father's resentment, the severity of whose temper he well knew, his intercourse with Donna Inez passed at the court as an intrigue of gallantry. On the accession of Don Pedro the Cruel to the throne of Castile,

Disgraced his honours—On the Nymph's lorn head
Relentless rage its bitterest rancour shed :
Yet such the zeal her princely lover bore,
Her breathless corse the crown of Lisboa wore.
'Twas thou, O Love, whose dreaded shafts controul
The hind's rude heart, and tear the hero's soul ;
Thou ruthless power, with bloodshed never cloyed,
'Twas thou thy lovely votary destroyed.
Thy thirst still burning for a deeper woe,
In vain to thee the tears of beauty flow ;
The breast that feels thy purest flames divine,
With spouting gore must bathe thy cruel shrine.
Such thy dire triumphs!—Thou, O Nymph, the while,
Prophetic of the god's unpitying guile,
In tender scenes by love-sick fancy wrought,
By fear oft shifted as by fancy brought,

many of the disgusted nobility were kindly received by Don Pedro, through the interest of his beloved Inez. The favour shewn to these Castilians gave great uneasiness to the politicians, who finding the king willing to listen, omitted no opportunity to increase his resentment against the unfortunate lady. The prince was about his 28th year when his amour with his beloved Inez commenced.

In sweet Mondego's ever-verdant bowers,
Languish'd away the slow and lonely hours:
While now, as terror waked thy boding fears,
The conscious stream received thy pearly tears;
And now, as hope revived the brighter flame,
Each echo sigh'd thy princely lover's name.
Nor less could absence from thy prince remove
The dear remembrance of his distant love:
Thy looks, thy smiles, before him ever glow,
And o'er his melting heart endearing flow:
By night his slumbers bring thee to his arms,
By day his thoughts still wander o'er thy charms:
By night, by day, each thought thy loves employ,
Each thought the memory or the hope of joy.
Though fairest princely dames invok'd his love,
No princely dame his constant faith could move:
For thee alone his constant passion burn'd,
For thee the proffer'd royal maids he scorn'd.
Ah, hope of bliss too high—the princely dames
Refused, dread rage the father's breast inflames;
He, with an old man's wintry eye, surveys
The youth's fond love, and coldly with it weighs

'The peoples' murmurs of his son's delay
To bless the nation with his nuptial day.
(Alas, the nuptial day was past unknown, [own.)
Which but when crown'd the prince could dare to
And with the Fair One's blood the vengeful sire
Resolves to quench his Pedro's faithful fire.
Oh, thou dread sword, oft stain'd with heroes' gore,
Thou awful terror of the prostrate Moor,
What rage could aim thee at a female breast,
Unarm'd, by softness and by love possest!

Dragg'd from her bower by murderous ruffian
hands
Before the frowning king fair Inez stands;
Her tears of artless innocence, her air,
So mild, so lovely, and her face so fair,
Moved the stern Monarch; when with eager zeal
Her fierce Destroyers urged the public weal;
Dread rage again the Tyrant's soul possest,
And his dark brow his cruel thoughts confest:
O'er her fair face a sudden paleness spread,
Her throbbing heart with generous anguish bled,

Anguish to view her lover's hopeless woes,
And all the mother in her bosom rose.
Her beauteous eyes in trembling tear-drops drown'd,
To heaven she lifted, but her hands were bound;
Then on her infants turn'd the piteous glance,
The look of bleeding woe; the babes advance,
Smiling in innocence of infant age,
Unawed, unconscious of their grandsire's rage;
To whom, as bursting sorrow gave the flow,
The native heart-sprung eloquence of woe,
The lovely captive thus:—O Monarch, hear,
If e'er to thee the name of man was dear,
If prowling tigers, or the wolf's wild brood,
Inspired by nature with the lust of blood,
Have yet been moved the weeping babe to spare,
Nor left, but tended with a nurse's care,
As Rome's great founders to the world were given;
Shalt thou, who wear'st the sacred stamp of heaven,
The human form divine, shalt thou deny
That aid, that pity, which e'en beasts supply!
Oh, that thy heart were, as thy looks declare,
Of human mould, superfluous were my prayer;

Thou could'st not then a helpless damsel slay,
Whose sole offence in fond affection lay,
In faith to him who first his love confest,
Who first to love allured her virgin breast.
In these my babes shalt thou thine image see,
And still tremendous hurl thy rage on me?
Me, for their sakes, if yet thou wilt not spare,
Oh, let these infants prove thy pious care!
Yet Pity's lenient current ever flows
From that brave breast where genuine valour glows;
That thou art brave, let vanquish'd Afric tell,
Then let thy pity o'er mine anguish swell;
Ah, let my woes, unconscious of a crime,
Procure mine exile to some barbarous clime:
Give me to wander o'er the burning plains
Of Lybia's deserts, or the wild domains
Of Scythia's snow-clad rocks and frozen shore;
There let me, hopeless of return, deplore.
Where ghastly horror fills the dreary vale,
Where shrieks and howlings die on every gale,
The lions roaring, and the tigers yell,
There with mine infant race, consign'd to dwell,

There let me try that piety to find,
In vain by Me implored from human kind :
There in some dreary cavern's rocky womb,
Amid the horrors of sepulchral gloom,
For him whose love I mourn, my love shall glow,
The sigh shall murmur, and the tear shall flow :
All my fond wish, and all my hope, to rear
These infant pledges of a love so dear,
Amidst my griefs a soothing, glad employ,
Amidst my fears a woful, hopeless joy.

In tears she utter'd—as the frozen snow
Touch'd by the spring's mild ray, begins to flow,
So just began to melt his stubborn soul
As mild-ray'd Pity o'er the Tyrant stole ;
But destiny forbade : with eager zeal,
Again pretended for the public weal,
Her fierce accusers urged her speedy doom ;
Again dark rage diffused its horrid gloom
O'er stern Alonzo's brow : swift at the sign,
Their swords unsheathed around her brandish'd
shine.



Drawn by I.W.Harding.

Engraved by Anker Smith A.R.A.

LUSIAD.

Book 3.

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O foul disgrace, of knighthood lasting stain,
By men of arms an helpless lady slain*!

Thus Pyrrhus, burning with unmanly ire,
Fulfill'd the mandate of his furious sire;
Disdainful of the frantic matron's prayer,
On fair Polyxena, her last fond care,
He rush'd, his blade yet warm with Priam's gore,
And dash'd the daughter on the sacred floor;

* *By men of arms an helpless lady slain!*—To give the character of Alphonso IV. will throw light on this inhuman transaction. He was an undutiful son, an unnatural brother, and a cruel father; a great and fortunate warrior, diligent in the execution of the laws, and a *Machiavilian* politician. That good might be attained by villanous means, was his favourite maxim. When the enemies of Inez had persuaded him that her death was necessary to the welfare of the state, he took a journey to *Coimbra*, that he might see the lady, when the prince his son was absent on a hunting party. Donna Inez with her children threw herself at his feet. The king was moved with the distress of the beautiful suppliant, when his three counsellors, *Alvaro Gonsalez*, *Diego Lopez Pacheco*, and *Pedro Coello*, reproaching him for his disregard to the state, he relapsed into his former resolution. She was dragged from his presence, and brutally murdered by the hands of his three counsellors, who immediately returned to the king with their daggers reeking with the innocent blood of the princess his daughter-in-law.

While mildly she her raving mother eyed,
Resign'd her bosom to the sword, and died.
Thus Inez, while her eyes to heaven appeal,
Resigns her bosom to the murdering steel:
That snowy neck, whose matchless form sustain'd
The loveliest face where all the Graces reign'd,
Whose charms so long the gallant Prince inflamed,
That her pale corse was Lisboa's queen proclaimed;
That snowy neck was stained with spouting gore,
Another sword her lovely bosom tore.
The flowers that glisten'd with her tears bedew'd,
Now shrunk and languish'd with her blood imbrew'd.
As when a rose, erewhile of bloom so gay,
Thrown from the careless virgin's breast away,
Lies faded on the plain, the living red,
The snowy white, and all its fragrance fled;
So from her cheeks the roses dy'd away,
And pale in death the beauteous Inez lay:
With dreadful smiles, and crimson'd with her blood,
Round the wan victim the stern murderers stood,
Unmindful of the sure, though future hour,
Sacred to vengeance and her Lover's power.

O Sun, couldst thou so foul a crime behold,
Nor veil thine head in darkness, as of old
A sudden night unwonted horror cast
O'er that dire banquet, where the sire's repast
The son's torn limbs supplied!—Yet you, ye vales!
Ye distant forests, and ye flowery dales!
When pale and sinking to the dreadful fall,
You heard her quivering lips on Pedro call;
Your faithful echoes caught the parting sound,
And Pedro! Pedro! mournful, sigh'd around.
Nor less the wood-nymphs of Mondego's groves
Bewail'd the memory of her hapless loves:
Her griefs they wept, and to a plaintive rill
Transform'd their tears, which weeps and murmurs
To give immortal pity to her woe [still.
They taught the riv'let through her bowers to flow,
And still through violet beds the fountain pours
Its plaintive wailing, and is named Amours*.

* ———and is named *Amours*.—At an old royal castle near Mondego, there is a rivulet called the fountain of Amours. According to tradition, it was here that Don Pedro resided with his beloved Inez.

Nor long her blood for vengeance cry'd in vain :
Her gallant Lord begins his awful reign.
In vain her murderers for refuge fly,
Spain's wildest hills no place of rest supply.
The injur'd Lover's and the Monarch's ire,
And stern-brow'd justice in their doom conspire :
In hissing flames they die, and yield their souls in
fire*.

* ———and yield their souls in fire.—When the Prince was informed of the death of his beloved Inez, he was transported into the most violent fury. He took arms against his father. The country between the rivers *Minho* and *Doura* was laid desolate : but by the interposition of the Queen and the Archbishop of *Braga* the Prince was softened, and the further horrors of a civil war were prevented. When he succeeded to the crown, one of his first acts was a treaty with the King of Castile, whereby each Monarch engaged to give up such malecontents, as should take refuge in each other's dominions. In consequence of this *Pedro Coello* and *Alvaro Gonsalez*, who, on the death of *Alonzo*, had fled to Castile, were sent prisoners to Don Pedro. *Diego Pacheco*, the third murderer, made his escape. The other two were put to death with the most exquisite tortures, and most justly merited, if exquisite torture is in any instance to be allowed. After this the King, Don Pedro, summoned an assembly of the states at *Cantanedes*. Here, in the presence of the Pope's nuncio, he solemnly swore on the holy Gospels, that having obtained a dispensation from *Rome*, he had secretly, at *Braganza*, espoused the Lady *Inez de Castro*,

Nor this alone his stedfast soul display'd:
Wide o'er the land he waved the awful blade
Of red-arm'd Justice. From the shades of night
He dragg'd the foul adulterer to light:
The robber from his dark retreat was led,
And he, who spilt the blood of murder, bled.
Unmoved he heard the proudest Noble plead;
Where Justice aim'd her sword, with stubborn speed
Fell the dire stroke. Nor cruelty inspired,
Noblest humanity his bosom fired.

in the presence of the Bishop of *Guarda*, and of his master of the wardrobe; both of whom confirmed the truth of the oath. The Pope's Bull, containing the dispensation, was published; the body of Inez was lifted from the grave, placed on a magnificent throne, and with the proper Regalia, was crowned Queen of Portugal. The nobility did homage to her skeleton, and kissed the bones of her hand. The corpse was then interred at the royal monastery of *Alcobaça*, with a pomp before unknown in Portugal, and with all the honours due to a Queen. Her monument is still extant, where her statue is adorned with the diadem and the royal robe. This, with the legitimation of her children, and the care he took of all who had been in her service, consoled him in some degree, and rendered him more conversable than he had hitherto been; but the cloud which the death of his Inez brought over the natural cheerfulness of his temper, was never totally dispersed.

The Caitiff, starting at his thoughts, repress

The seeds of murder springing in his breast.

His outstretch'd arm the lurking thief withheld,

For fixt as fate he knew his doom was seal'd.

Safe in his Monarch's care the Ploughman reapt,

And proud Oppression coward distance kept.

Pedro the just the peopled towns proclaim,

And every field resounds her Monarch's name*.

** And every field resounds her Monarch's name.*—History cannot afford an instance of any Prince who has a more eminent claim to the title of just than Pedro. His diligence to correct every abuse was indefatigable, and when guilt was proved, his justice was inexorable. He was dreadful to the evil, and beloved by the good; for he respected no persons, and his inflexible severity never digressed from the line of strict justice. An anecdote or two will throw some light on his character. A Priest having killed a Mason, the king dissembled his knowledge of the crime, and left the issue to the Ecclesiastical Court, where the Priest was punished by one year's suspension from saying mass. Pedro upon this privately ordered the Mason's son to revenge the murder of his father. The young man obeyed, was apprehended, and condemned to death. When his sentence was to be confirmed by the king, he enquired, what was the young man's trade. He was answered, that he followed his father's. Well then, said

Of this brave Prince the soft degenerate son,
Fernando the remiss, ascends the throne.
With arm unnerved the listless soldier lay
And own'd the influence of a nerveless sway:
The stern Castilian drew the vengeful brand,
And strode proud victor o'er the trembling land.
How dread the hour, when injur'd heaven in rage,
Thunders its vengeance on a guilty age!

the monarch, I shall commute his punishment, and interdict him from meddling with stone or mortar for a year. After this he fully established the authority of the king's courts over the Clergy, whom he punished with death when their crimes were capital. When solicited to refer the causes of such criminals to a higher tribunal, by which they tacitly meant that of the Pope; he would answer very calmly, *That is what I intend to do: I will send them to the highest of all tribunals, to that of their Maker and mine.* Against Adulterers he was particularly severe, often declaring it his opinion, that conjugal infidelity was the source of the greatest evils, and that therefore to restrain it was the interest and duty of the Sovereign. Though the fate of his beloved Inez chagrined and soured his temper, he was so far from being naturally sullen or passionate, that he was rather of a gay and sprightly disposition, affable and easy of access; delighted in music and dancing; a lover of learning, was himself a man of letters, and an elegant Poet. Vide *Le Clede, Mariana, Faria.*

Unmanly sloth the King, the nation stain'd;
 And lewdness, foster'd by the Monarch, reign'd:
 The Monarch own'd that first of crimes unjust,
 The wanton revels of adulterous lust:
 Such was his rage for beauteous Leonore*,
 Her from her husband's widow'd arms he tore:
 Then with unblest, unhallowed nuptials stained
 The sacred altar, and its rites profaned.
 Alas! the splendor of a crown how vain,
 From heaven's dread eye to veil the dimmest stain!
 To conquering Greece, to ruin'd Troy, what woes,
 What ills on ills, from Helen's rape arose!
 Let Appius own, let banish'd Tarquin tell
 On their hot rage what heavy vengeance fell.
 One female ravish'd Gibeah's streets beheld†,
 O'er Gibeah's streets the blood of thousands swell'd

* —beauteous Leonore—This lady, named *Leonora de Tellez*, was the wife of *Don Juan Lorenzo d' Acugna*, a nobleman of one of the most distinguished families in Portugal. After a sham process this marriage was dissolved, and the king privately espoused her, though at that time he was publicly married by proxy to *Donna Leonora of Arragon*.

† —Gibeah's streets—See Judges, chap. xix. and xx.

In vengeance of the crime ; and streams of blood
The guilt of Zion's sacred bard pursued*.

Yet love full oft with wild delirium blinds,
And fans his basest fires in noblest minds :
The female garb the great Alcides wore,
And for his Omphale the distaff bore,
For Cleopatra's frown the world was lost.
The Roman terror, and the Punic boast,
Cannæ's great victor, for a harlot's smile,
Resign'd the harvest of his glorious toil.
And who can boast he never felt the fires,
The trembling throbbings of the young desires,
When he beheld the breathing roses glow,
And the soft heavings of the living snow ;
The waving ringlets of the auburn hair,
And all the rapturous graces of the Fair !
Oh ! what defence, if fixt on him, he spy
The languid sweetness of the stedfast eye !

* *The guilt of Zion's sacred bard*—David.—See 2 Samuel, chap. iii. 10. “The sword shall never depart from thine house.”

Ye who have felt the dear luxurious smart,
When angel charms oppress the powerless heart,
In pity here relent the brow severe,
And o'er Fernando's weakness drop the tear*.

* To conclude the notes on this book, it may not be unnecessary to observe, that Camoens, in this Episode, has happily adhered to a principal rule of the *Epopœia*. To paint the manners and characters of the age in which the action is placed, is as requisite in the Epic Poem, as it is to preserve the unity of the character of an Individual. That gallantry of bravery, and romantic cast of the military adventures, which characterise the Spaniards and Portuguese during the Moorish wars, is happily supported by Camoens in its most just and striking colours. In history we find surprising victories obtained over the Infidels: In the *Lusiad* we find the heroes breathing that enthusiasm which led them to conquest, that enthusiasm of military honours so strongly expressed by Alonzo V. of Portugal, at the siege of *Arzila*. In storming the citadel, the Count de Marialva, a brave old officer, lost his life. The King leading his only son, the Prince Don Juan, to the body of the Count, while the blood yet streamed from his wounds, "Behold, he cried, that great man! May God grant you, my son, to imitate his virtues. May your honour, like his, be complete!"

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE
LUSIAD.

BOOK IV.

As the tost vessel on the ocean rolls,
When dark the night, and loud the tempest howls,
When the lorn mariner in every wave
That breaks and gleams, forebodes his watery grave;
But when the dawn, all silent and serene,
With soft paced ray dispels the shades obscene,
With grateful transport sparkling in each eye,
The joyful crew the port of safety spy.
Such darkling tempests and portended fate,
While weak Fernando lived, appall'd the state;
Such when he died, the peaceful morning rose,
The dawn of joy, and sooth'd the public woes.

As blazing glorious o'er the shades of night,
Bright in his east breaks forth the Lord of light,
So valiant John with dazzling blaze appears,
And from the dust his drooping nation rears.
Though sprung from youthful Passion's wanton loves,
Great Pedro's son in noble soul he proves;
And heaven announced him king by right divine,
A cradled infant gave the wondrous sign* :
Her tongue had never lisp'd the mother's name,
No word, no mimic sound her lips could frame,
When heaven the miracle of speech inspired;
She raised her little hands, with rapture fired,

* *A cradled infant gave the wondrous sign*—The miraculous speech of the infant, attested by a few monks, was adapted to the superstition of the age of John I. and as he was a bastard, was of infinite service to his cause. The pretended fact, however, is differently related. By some, thus: When Don John, then regent of Portugal, was going to Coimbra, to assist at an assembly of the states, at a little distance from the city he was met by a great number of children riding upon sticks, who no sooner saw him than they cried out, "Blessed be Don John king of Portugal; the king is coming, Don John shall be king." Whether this was owing to art or accident, it had a great effect. At the assembly the regent was elected king.

Let Portugal, she cried, with joy proclaim
The brave Don John, and own her monarch's name.

The burning fever of domestic rage
Now wildly raved, and mark'd the barbarous age;
Through every rank the headlong fury ran,
And first red slaughter in the court began.
Of spousal vows, and widow'd bed defiled,
Loud fame the beauteous Leonore reviled.
Th' adulterous noble in her presence bled,
And torn with wounds his numerous friends lay
dead.

No more those ghastly deathful nights amaze,
When Rome wept tears of blood in Scylla's days;
More horrid deeds Ulysses' towers* beheld:
Each cruel breast where rankling envy swell'd,
Accused his foe as minion of the queen;
Accused, and murder closed the dreary scene.
All holy ties the frantic transport braved,
Nor sacred priesthood nor the altar saved.

* ———Ulysses' towers——See the note, page 28.

Thrown from a tower, like Hector's son of yore,
The mitred head * was dashed with brains and gore,
Ghastly with scenes of death, and mangled limbs,
And black with clotted blood each pavement swims,

With all the fierceness of the female ire,
When rage and grief to tear the breast conspire,
The queen beheld her power, her honours lost†,
And ever when she slept th' adulterer's ghost,

* *The mitred head*—Don *Martin*, bishop of Lisbon, a man of an exemplary life. He was by birth a Castilian, which was esteemed a sufficient reason to murder him, as one of the queen's party. He was thrown from the tower of his own cathedral, whither he had fled to avoid the popular fury.

† *The queen beheld her power, her honours lost*—Possessed of great beauty and great abilities, this bad woman was a disgrace to her sex, and a curse to the age and country which gave her birth. Having sacrificed her honour and her first husband to a king, says *Faria*, Leonora soon sacrificed that king to a wicked gallant, a Castilian nobleman, named Don *Juan Fernandez de Andeyro*. She attempted to destroy the grand master of *Avis*, the king's bastard brother, afterwards John I. who, at her instigation, had been committed to the castle of *Evora*, where a forged order for his execution was sent; but the governor suspecting fraud, shewed it to the king, and his life was saved. Yet such was her ascendancy over the

All pale, and pointing at his bloody shroud,
Seem'd ever for revenge to scream aloud.

Casteel's proud monarch to the nuptial bed
In happier days her royal daughter led:
To him the furious queen for vengeance cries,
Implores to vindicate his lawful prize,

weak Fernando, that, though convinced of her guilt, he ordered his brother to kiss the queen's hand, and thank her for his life. Soon after Fernando died, but not till he was fully convinced of the queen's conjugal infidelity, and had given an order for the assassination of the gallant. Not long after the death of the king, the favourite *Andeyro* was stabbed in the palace by Don John, the grand master of *Avis*, and Don *Ruy de Pereyra*. The queen expressed all the transport of grief and rage, and at her earnest entreaties, Don Juan, king of Castile, who had married her only daughter, invaded Portugal, and was proclaimed king. Don John was proclaimed by the people Protector and Regent. A desperate war ensued, in which the Portuguese were victorious, and the queen and her faction were expelled. The people now considered Don John, son of Pedro the Just and the beautiful Inez, as their lawful sovereign, but this Prince was, and had long been detained a prisoner by the king of Castile. The states therefore, seeing the necessity that the nation should have a head, unanimously elected the regent to the throne. Don John I. one of the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs, was the natural son of Pedro the Just, by Donna Tereza Lorenza, a Galician lady, and born some years after the death of Inez.

The Lusian sceptre, his by spousal right:
The proud Castilian arms and dares the fight.
To join his standard as it waves along,
The warlike troops from various regions throng:
Those who possess the lands by Rodrick given,
What time the Moor from Turia's banks was driven;
That race who joyful smile at war's alarms'
And scorn each danger that attends on arms;
Whose crooked ploughshares Leon's uplands tear,
Now cased in steel in glittering arms appear,
Those arms erewhile so dreadful to the Moor:
The Vandals glorying in their might of yore
March on; their helms and moving lances gleam
Along the flowery vales of Betis' stream:
Nor staid the Tyrian islanders * behind,
On whose proud ensigns floating on the wind
Alcides' pillars tower'd; nor wonted fear
Withheld the base Galician's sordid spear;
Though still his crimson seamy scars reveal
The sure-aim'd vengeance of the Lusian steel.

* ———the Tyrian islanders—The inhabitants of Cadiz; of old a Phœnician colony.

Where tumbling down Cuenca's mountain side
The murmuring Tagus rolls his foamy tide,
Along Toledo's lawns, the pride of Spain,
Toledo's warriors join the martial train:
Nor less the furious lust of war inspires
The Biscayneer, and wakes his barbarous fires,
Which ever burn for vengeance, if the tongue
Of hapless stranger give the fancy'd wrong.
Nor bold Asturia, nor Guispuscoa's shore,
Famed for their steely wealth, and iron ore,
Delay'd their vaunting squadrons; o'er the dales
Cased in their native steel, and belted mails,
Blue gleaming from afar they march along,
And join with many a spear the warlike throng.
As thus, wide sweeping o'er the trembling coast,
The proud Castilian leads his numerous host,
The valiant John for brave defence prepares,
And in himself collected greatly dares:
For such high valour in his bosom glow'd,
As Samson's locks by miracle bestow'd:
Safe in himself resolved the hero stands,
Yet calls the leaders of his anxious bands:

The council summon'd, some with prudent mien,
And words of grave advice their terrors screen;
By sloth debased, no more the ancient fire
Of patriot loyalty can now inspire;
And each pale lip seem'd opening to declare
For tame submission, and to shun the war;
When glorious Nunio, starting from his seat,
Claim'd every eye, and closed the cold debate:
Singling his brothers from the dastard train,
His rolling looks, that flash'd with stern disdain,
On them he fixt, then snatch'd his hilt in ire,
While his bold speech bewray'd the soldier's fire,
Bold and unpolish'd; while his burning eyes
Seem'd as he dared the ocean, earth, and skies:

Heavens! shall the Lusian nobles tamely yield!
Oh shame! and yield untry'd the martial field!
That land whose genius, as the God of war,
Was own'd, where'er approach'd her thundering
car;
Shall now her sons their faith, their love deny,
And, while their country sinks, ignobly fly!

Ye timorous herd, are ye the genuine line
Of those illustrious shades, whose rage divine
Beneath great Henry's standards awed the foe,
For whom ye tremble, and would stoop so low!
That foe, who, boastful now, then basely fled,
When your undaunted sires the Hero led,
When seven bold Earls in chains the spoil adorn'd,
And proud Casteel through all her kindreds mourn'd,
Casteel, your awful dread—yet, conscious, say,
When Dinez reign'd, when his bold son bore sway,
By whom were trodden down the bravest bands
That ever march'd from proud Castilia's lands?
'Twas your brave sires—and has one languid reign
Fix'd in your tainted souls so deep a stain,
That now degenerate from your noble sires,
The last dim spark of Lusian flame expires?
Though weak Fernando reign'd in war unskill'd,
A godlike king now calls you to the field—
Oh! could like his your mounting valour glow,
Vain were the threatenings of the vaunting foe.
Not proud Casteel, oft by your sires o'erthrown,
But every land your dauntless rage should own.

Still if your hands benumb'd by female fear,
Shun the bold war, hark! on my sword I swear,
Myself alone the dreadful war shall wage—
Mine be the fight—and trembling with the rage
Of valorous fire, his hand half-drawn display'd
The awful terror of his shining blade—
I and my vassals dare the dreadful shock;
My shoulders never to a foreign yoke
Shall bend; and by my Sovereign's wrath I vow,
And by that loyal faith renounced by you,
My native land unconquer'd shall remain,
And all my Monarch's foes shall heap the plain.

The hero paused—'Twas thus the youth of Rome,
The trembling few who 'scaped the bloody doom
That dy'd with slaughter Cannæ's purple field,
Assembled stood, and bow'd their necks to yield;
When nobly rising with a like disdain
The young Cornelius * raged, nor raged in vain:

* *The young Cornelius*—This was the famous P. Corn. Scipio Africanus. The fact, somewhat differently related by Livy, is this. After the defeat at Cannæ, a considerable body of Ro-

On his dread sword his daunted peers he swore,
(The reeking blade yet black with Punic gore)
While life remain'd their arms for Rome to wield,
And but with life their conquer'd arms to yield.
Such martial rage brave Nunio's mien inspired;
Fear was no more: with rapturous ardour fired,
To horse, to horse, the gallant Lusians cry'd;
Rattled the belted mails on every side, [waved
The spear-staffs trembled; round their heads they
Their shining faulchions, and in transport raved,
The King our guardian—loud their shouts rebound,
And the fierce commons echo back the sound.

mans fled to Canusium, and appointed Scipio and Ap. Claudius their commanders. While they remained there, it was told Scipio, that some of his chief officers, at the head of whom was Cæcilius Metellus, were taking measures to transport themselves out of Italy. He went immediately to their assembly, and drawing his sword, said, *I swear that I will not desert the Commonwealth of Rome, nor suffer any other citizen to do it. The same oath I require of you, Cæcilius, and of all present; whoever refuses, let him know that this sword is drawn against him.* The Historian adds, that they were as terrified by this, as if they had beheld the face of their conqueror Hannibal. They all swore, and submitted themselves to Scipio. Vid. Liv. B. 22. C. 53.

The mails that long in rusting peace had hung,
Now on the hammer'd anvils hoarsely rung:
Some soft with wool the plummy helmets line,
And some the breast-plate's scaly belts entwine:
The gaudy mantles some, and scarfs prepare,
Where various lightsome colours gaily flare;
And golden tissue, with the warp enwove,
Displays the emblems of their youthful love.

The valiant John, begirt with warlike state,
Now leads his bands from fair Abrantes' gate;
Whose lawns of green the infant Tagus laves,
As from his spring he rolls his coolly waves.
The daring van in Nunio's care could boast
A General worthy of the unnumber'd host,
Whose gaudy banners trembling Greece defy'd,
When boastful Xerxes lash'd the Sestian tide:
Nunio, to proud Casteel as dread a name,
As erst to Gaul and Italy the fame
Of Atilla's impending rage. The right
Brave Roderic led, a Chieftain train'd in fight:

Before the left the bold Almada rode,
And proudly waving o'er the centre nod
The royal ensigns glittering from afar,
Where godlike John inspires and leads the war.

'Twas now the time, when from the stubbly plain
The labouring hinds had borne the yellow grain;
The purple vintage heap'd the foamy tun,
And fierce and red the sun of August shone;
When from the gate the squadrons march along:
Crowds prest on crowds, the walls and ramparts
Here the sad mother rends her hoary hair, [throng:
While hope's fond whispers struggle with despair:
The weeping spouse to heaven extends her hands:
And cold with dread the modest virgin stands;
Her earnest eyes, suffused with trembling dew,
Far o'er the plain the plighted youth pursue:
And prayers and tears and all the female wail,
And holy vows the throne of heaven assail.

Now each stern host full front to front appears,
And one joint shout heaven's airy concave tears:

A dreadful pause ensues, while conscious pride
Strives on each face the heart-felt doubt to hide:
Now wild and pale the boldest face is seen;
With mouth half open and disordered mien
Each warrior feels his creeping blood to freeze,
And languid weakness trembles in the knees.
And now the clangor of the trumpet sounds,
And the rough rattling of the drum rebounds
The fife shrill whistling cuts the gale; on high
The flourish'd ensigns shine with many a die
Of blazing splendor: o'er the ground they wheel
And chuse their footing, when the proud Casteel
Bids sound the horrid charge; loud bursts the sound,
And loud Artabro's rocky cliffs rebound:
The thundering roar rolls round on every side,
And trembling sinks Guidana's rapid tide:
The slow-paced Durius rushes o'er the plain,
And fearful Tagus hastens to the main.
Such was the tempest of the dread alarms,
The babes that prattled in their nurses' arms
Shriek'd at the sound: with sudden cold imprest,
The mothers strain'd their infants to the breast,

And shook with horror—now, far round, begin
The bow strings whizzing, and the brazen din
Of arms on armour rattling; either van
Are mingled now, and man opposed to man:
To guard his native fields the one inspires,
And one the raging lust of conquest fires:
Now with fixt teeth, their writhing lips of blue,
Their eye-balls glaring of the purple hue,
Each arm strains swiftest to impel the blow;
Nor wounds they value now, nor fear they know,
Their only passion to offend the foe.
In might and fury, like the warrior God,
Before his troops the glorious Nunio rode:
That land, the proud invaders claim'd, he sows
With their spilt blood, and with their corse strews
Their forceful volleys now the cross-bows pour,
The clouds are darken'd with the arrowy shower;
The white foam reeking o'er their wavy mane,
The snorting coursers rage and paw the plain;
Beat by their iron hoofs, the plain rebounds,
As distant thunder through the mountain sounds:

The ponderous spears crash, splintering far around;
The horse and horsemen flounder on the ground;
The ground groans with the sudden weight opprest,
And many a buckler rings on many a crest.
Where wide around the raging Nunio's sword
With furious sway the bravest squadrons gored,
The raging foes in closer ranks advance,
And his own brothers shake the hostile lance*.

* *And his own brothers shake the hostile lance.*—The just indignation with which Camoens treats the kindred of the brave *Nunio Alvaro de Pereyra*, is condemned by the French Translator. Castera, however, is grossly mistaken, when he affirms the King of Castile's claim to the crown of Portugal, to have been preferable to that of Don John. Don *Alonzo Enriquez*, the first king of Portugal, was elected by the people, who had recovered their liberties at the glorious battle of Ourique. At the election the constitution of the kingdom was settled in eighteen short statutes, wherein it is expressly provided, that none but a Portuguese can be king of Portugal; that if an Infanta marry a foreign prince, he shall not, in her right, become king of Portugal: and a new election of a king, in case of the failure of the male line, is by these statutes declared to be legal. Thus, by the original constitution of the kingdom, the king of Castile could never succeed to the throne of Portugal. The lawful heir, Don Juan, the son of Inez de Castro, was kept in prison by his rival the

Oh! horrid fight! yet not the ties of blood,
Nor yearning memory his rage withstood;
With proud disdain his honest eyes behold
Whoe'er the traitor, who his king has sold.
Nor want there others in the hostile band
Who draw their swords against their native land;
And headlong driven, by impious rage accurst,
In rank were foremost, and in fight the first.
So sons and fathers, by each other slain,
With horrid slaughter died Pharsalia's plain.
Ye dreary ghosts, who now for treasons foul,
Amidst the gloom of Stygian darkness howl;
Thou Cataline, and, stern Sertorius, tell
Your brother shades, and sooth the pains of hell;
With triumph tell them, some of Lusian race
Like you have earn'd the Traitor's foul disgrace.

king of Castile; and, as before observed, a new election was, by the original statutes, declared legal in cases of emergency. These facts added to the consideration of the great services which Don John had rendered his country, upon whom its existence as a kingdom depended, fully vindicate the indignation of Camoens against the traitorous Pereyras.

As waves on waves, the foes encreasing weight
Bears down our foremost ranks and shakes the fight;
Yet firm and undismay'd great Nunio stands,
And braves the tumult of surrounding bands.
So, from high Ceuta's rocky mountains stray'd,
The raging Lion braves the shepherd's shade;
The shepherds hastening o'er the Tetuan plain,
With shouts surround him, and with spears restrain:
He stops, with grinning teeth his breath he draws,
Nor is it fear, but rage, that makes him pause;
His threatening eye-balls burn with sparkling fire,
And his stern heart forbids him to retire:
Amidst the thickness of the spears he flings,
So midst his foes the furious Nunio springs:
The Lusian grass with foreign gore distain'd,
Displays the carnage of the hero's hand.

“ An ample shield the brave Giraldo bore,
Which from the vanquish'd Perez' arm he tore;
Pierced through that shield, cold death invades his
And dying Perez saw his Victor die. [eye,

Edward and Pedro, emulous of fame,
The same their friendship, and their youth the same,
Through the fierce Brigians* hew'd their bloody way,
Till in a cold embrace the striplings lay.
Lopez and Vincent rush'd on glorious death,
And midst their slaughter'd foes resign'd their breath.
Alonzo glorying in his youthful might
Spurr'd his fierce courser through the staggering
fight :

Shower'd from the dashing hoofs the spatter'd gore
Flies round ; but soon the Rider vaunts no more :
Five Spanish swords the murmuring ghosts atone,
Of five Castilians by his arms o'erthrown.
Transfixt with three Iberian spears, the gay,
The knightly lover, young Hilario lay :
Though, like a rose, cut off in opening bloom,
The Hero weeps not for his early doom ;
Yet trembling in his swimming eye appears
The pearly drop, while his pale cheek he rears ;

* *Through the fierce Brigians*—The Castilians, so called from one of their ancient kings, named Brix, or Brigus, whom the Monkish fabulists call the grandson of Noah.

To call his loved Antonia's name he tries,
The name half utter'd, down he sinks, and dies*."

Now through his shatter'd ranks the Monarch
And now before his rally'd squadrons rode: [strode,
Brave Nunio's danger from afar he spies,
And instant to his aid impetuous flies.
So when returning from the plunder'd folds,
The Lioness her emptied den beholds,
Enraged she stands, and listening to the gale,
She hears her whelps low howling in the vale;
The living sparkles flashing from her eyes,
To the Massylian shepherd-tents† she flies;

* These lines marked in the text with inverted commas, (commencing at page 90) are not in the common edition of Camoens. They consist of three stanzas in the Portuguese, and are said to have been left out by the author himself in his second edition. The translator, however, as they breathe the true spirit of Virgil, was willing to preserve them with this acknowledgment.

† *To the Massylian shepherd-tents*—Massylia, a province in Numidia, greatly infested with lions, particularly that part of it called *Os sete montes irmaós*, the seven brother mountains.

She groans, she roars, and echoing far around
The seven twin-mountains tremble at the sound:
So raged the king, and with a chosen train
He pours resistless o'er the heaps of slain.
Oh bold companions of my toils, he cries,
Our dear-loved freedom on our lances lies;
Behold your friend, your Monarch, leads the way,
And dares the thickest of the iron fray.
Say, shall the Lusian race forsake their king,
Where spears infuriate on the bucklers ring!

He spoke; then four times round his head he
whirl'd

His ponderous spear, and midst the foremost hurl'd;
Deep through the ranks the forceful weapon past,
And many a gasping warrior sigh'd his last.
With noble shame inspired, and mounting rage,
His bands rush on, and foot to foot engage;
Thick bursting sparkles from the blows aspire;
Such flashes blaze, their swords seem dipt in fire;
The belts of steel and plates of brass are riven,
And wound for wound, and death for death is given.

The first in honour of Saint Jago's band*,
A naked ghost now sought the gloomy strand;
And he, of Calatrave the sovereign knight,
Girt with whole troops his arm had slain in fight,
Descended murmuring to the shades of night.
Blaspheming heaven, and gash'd with many a wound
Brave Nunio's rebel kindred gnaw'd the ground,
And curst their fate, and dy'd. Ten thousands more
Who held no title and no office bore,
And nameless nobles who, promiscuous fell,
Appeas'd that day the foaming dog of hell.

* *The first in honour of Saint Jago's band*—Grand Master of the order of St. James, named Don Pedro, Nunio. He was not killed, however, in this battle, which was fought on the plains of *Aljubarota*, but in that of *Valverde*, which immediately followed. The Reader may perhaps be surprised to find, that every soldier mentioned in these notes is a Don, a *Lord*. The following piece of history will account for the number of the Portuguese nobles. Don *Alonzo Enriquez*, Count of Portugal, when saluted king by his army at the battle of *Ourique*; in return, dignified every man in his army with the rank of nobility. Vid. the 9th Stat. of *Lamego*.

Now low the proud Castilian standard lies
Beneath the Lusian flag, a vanquish'd prize.
With furious madness fired, and stern disdain,
The fierce Iberians to the fight again
Rush headlong; groans and yellings of despair
With horrid uproar rend the trembling air.
Hot boils the blood, thirst burns, and every breast
Pants, every limb with fainty weight opprest
Slow now obeys the will's stern ire, and slow
From every sword descends the feeble blow;
Till rage grew languid, and tired slaughter found
No arm to combat, and no breast to wound.
Now from the field Casteel's proud monarch flies*,
In wild dismay he rolls his maddening eyes,
And leads the pale-lit flight: Swift wing'd with fear,
As drifted smoke, at distance disappear
The dusty squadrons of the scatter'd rear;

* *Now from the field Casteel's proud monarch flies*—This tyrant, whose unjust pretensions to the crown of Portugal laid his own and that kingdom in blood, was on his final defeat overwhelmed with all the frenzy of grief. In the night after the decisive battle of *Aljubarota*, he fled upwards of thirty miles upon a mule.

Blaspheming heaven, they fly, and him who first
Forged murdering arms, and led to horrid wars,
accurst.

The festive days by heroes old ordain'd*
The glorious victor on the field remain'd.
The funeral rights and holy vows he paid:
Yet not the while the restless Nunio staid;
O'er Tago's waves his gallant bands he led,
And humbled Spain in every province bled:
Sevilia's standard on his spear he bore,
And Andalusia's ensigns steep'd in gore.
Low in the dust distress Castilia mourn'd,
And bathed in tears each eye to heaven was turn'd;
The orphan's, widow's, and the hoary sire's;
And heaven relenting quench'd the raging fires

* *The festive days by heroes old ordain'd.*—As a certain proof of the victory, it was required, by the honour of these ages, that the victor should encamp three days on the field of battle. By this knight-errantry, the advantages which ought to have been pursued were frequently lost. Don John, however, though he complied with the reigning ideas of honour, sent Don Nunio, with a proper army, to reap the fruits of his victory.

Of mutual hate: from England's happy shore
The peaceful seas two lovely sisters* bore.
The rival monarchs to the nuptial bed
In joyful hour the royal virgins led,
And holy Peace assum'd her blissful reign,
Again the peasant joy'd, the landscape smiled again.

But John's brave breast to warlike cares inured,
With conscious shame the sloth of ease endured.
When not a foe awaked his rage in Spain
The valiant Hero braved the foamy main;
The first, nor meanest, of our kings who bore
The Lusian thunders to the Afric shore.
O'er the wild waves the victor-banners flow'd,
Their silver wings a thousand eagles shew'd;

* ———two lovely sisters—John of Portugal, about a year after the battle of *Aljubarotà*, married *Philippa*, eldest daughter of *John of Gaunt*, duke of Lancaster, son of Edward III. who assisted the king, his son-in-law, in an irruption into Castile, and at the end of the campaign promised to return with more numerous forces for the next. But this was prevented by the marriage of his youngest daughter *Catalina* with *Don Henry*, eldest son of the king of Castile.

And proudly swelling to the whistling gales
The seas were whiten'd with a thousand sails.
Beyond the columns by Alcides placed
To bound the world, the zealous warrior past.
The shrines of Hagar's race, the shrines of lust,
And moon-crown'd mosques lay smoking in the dust.
O'er Abyla's high steep his lance he raised,
On Ceuta's lofty towers his standard blazed:
Ceuta, the refuge of the traitor train*,
His vassal now, ensures the peace of Spain.

But ah, how soon the blaze of glory dies!
Illustrious John† ascends his native skies.

* *Ceuta, the refuge of the traitor train*—Ceuta is one of the strongest garrisons in Africa; it lies almost opposite to Gibraltar, and the possession of it was of the greatest importance to the Portuguese, during their frequent wars with the Moors. Before its reduction, it was the asylum of Spanish and Portuguese Renegadoes and Traitors.

† *Illustrious John*—The character of this great prince claims a place in these notes, as it affords a comment on the enthusiasm of Camoens, who has made him the hero of this episode. His masterly conduct when Regent has already been mentioned. The same justice, prudence, and heroism



Drawn by I.W. Harding.

Engraved by W. Edwards.

LUSIAD.
Book 4

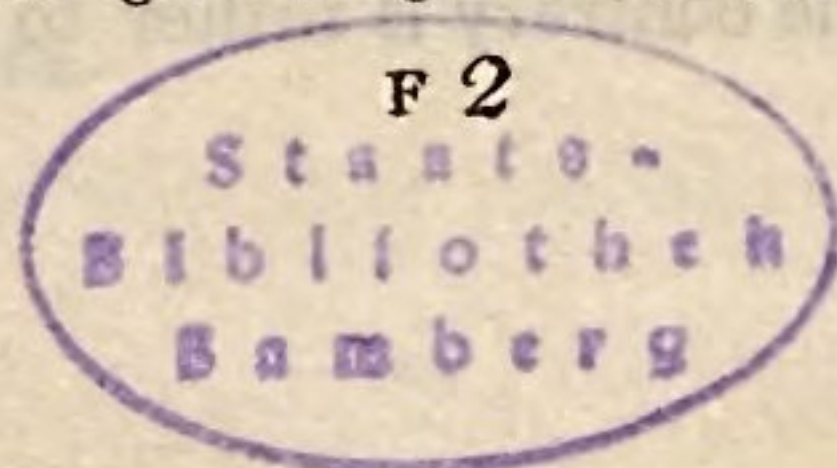
London, Published by J. Harding, March 1807.

His gallant offspring prove their genuine strain,
And added lands increase the Lusian reign.

Yet not the first of heroes Edward shone;
His happiest days long hours of evil own.
He saw, secluded from the cheerful day,
His sainted brother pine his years away.
O glorious youth * in captive chains, to thee
What suiting honours may thy land decree!

always accompanied him when king. He had many sons, and he himself often instructed them in solid and useful knowledge, and was amply repaid. He lived to see them men, men of parts and of action, whose only emulation was to shew affection to his person, and to support his administration by their great abilities. One of his sons, Don *Henry*, duke of *Viseo*, was that great prince whose ardent passion for maritime affairs gave birth to all the modern improvements in navigation. He died in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and in the forty-eighth of his reign. His affection to his queen *Philippa* made him fond of the English, whose friendship he cultivated, and by whom he was frequently assisted.

* *O glorious youth*—Camoens, in this instance, has raised the character of one brother at the other's expense, to give his poem an air of solemnity. The siege of Tangier was proposed in council. The king's brothers differed in their opinions: that of Don Fernand, though a knight errant adventure, was approved



Thy nation proffer'd, and the foe with joy
For Ceuta's towers prepared to yield the boy;
The princely hostage nobly spurns the thought
Of freedom and of life so dearly bought,

of by the young nobility. The infants Henry and Fernand, at the head of 7000 men, laid siege to Tangier, and were surrounded by a numerous army of Moors, as some writers say of six hundred thousand. On condition that the Portuguese should be allowed to return home, the infants promised to restore Ceuta. The Moors gladly accepted of the terms, but demanded one of the infants as an hostage. Fernand offered himself, and was left. The king was willing to comply with the terms to relieve his brother, but the court considered the value of Ceuta, and would not consent. The Pope also interposed his authority, that Ceuta should be kept as a check on the infidels, and proposed to raise a Crusade for the delivery of Fernand. In the meanwhile large offers were made for his liberty. These were rejected by the Moors, who would accept of nothing but Ceuta, whose vast importance was superior to any ransom. When negotiation failed, king Edward assembled a large army to effect his brother's release, but just as he was setting out, he was seized with the plague, and died, leaving orders with his queen to deliver up Ceuta for the release of his brother. This, however, was never performed. Don Fernand remained with the Moors till his death. The magnanimity of his behaviour gained him their esteem and admiration, nor is there good proof that he received any extraordinary rigorous treatment; the contrary is rather to be inferred from

The raging vengeance of the Moors defies,
Gives to the clanking chains his limbs, and dies
A dreary prison death. Let noisy fame
No more unequall'd hold her Codrus name;
Her Regulus, her Curtius boast no more,
Nor those the honour'd Decian name who bore.
The splendor of a court, to them unknown,
Exchang'd for deathful Fate's most awful frown,

the romantic notions of military honour which then prevailed among the Moors. Some, however, make his sufferings little inferior to those ascribed to Regulus. Don Fernand is to this day esteemed as a saint and martyr in Portugal, and his memory is commemorated on the fifth of June. King Edward reigned only five years and a month. He was the most eloquent man in his dominions, spoke and wrote Latin elegantly, was author of several books, one on horsemanship, in which art he excelled. He was brave in the field, active in business, and rendered his country infinite service by reducing the laws to a regular code. He was knight of the order of the Garter, which honour was conferred upon him by his cousin Henry V. of England. In one instance he gave great offence to the superstitious populace. He despised the advice of a Jew astrologer, who entreated him to delay his coronation, because the stars that day were unfavourable. To this the misfortune of the army at Tangier was ascribed, and the people were always on the alarm while he lived, as if some terrible disaster impended over them.

To distant times through every land shall blaze
The self-devoted Lusian's nobler praise.

Now to the tomb the hapless king descends,
His son Alonzo brighter fate attends.
Alonzo! dear to Lusus' race the name;
Nor his the meanest in the rolls of fame.
His might resistless prostrate Afric own'd,
Beneath his yoke the Mauritians groan'd,
And still they groan beneath the Lusian sway.
'Twas his in victor pomp to bear away
The golden apples from Hesperia's shore,
Which but the son of Jove had snatch'd before.
The palm and laurel round his temples bound,
Display'd his triumphs on the Moorish ground;
When proud Arzilla's strength, Alcazer's towers,
And Tingia, boastful of her numerous powers,
Beheld their adamantine walls o'erturn'd,
Their ramparts levell'd, and their temples burn'd.
Great was the day: the meanest sword that fought
Beneath the Lusian flag such wonders wrought
As from the Muse might challenge endless fame,
Though low their station, and untold their name.

Now stung with wild Ambition's mad'ning fires,
To proud Castilia's throne the king aspires*.
The Lord of Arragon, from Cadiz' walls,
And hoar Pyrene's sides his legions calls;
The numerous legions to his standards throng,
And war, with horrid strides, now stalks along.
With emulation fired, the prince † beheld
His warlike sire ambitious of the field;
Scornful of ease, to aid his arms he sped,
Nor sped in vain: The raging combat bled;
Alonzo's ranks with carnage gored, Dismay
Spread her cold wings, and shook his firm array;
To flight she hurried; while with brow serene
The martial boy beheld the deathful scene.

* *To proud Castilia's throne the king aspires.*—When Henry IV. of Castile died, he declared that the infanta *Joanna* was his heiress, in preference to his sister, *Donna Isabella*, married to Don Ferdinand, son to the king of Arragon. In hopes to attain the kingdom of Castile, Don Alonzo, king of Portugal, obtained a dispensation from the pope to marry his niece, *Donna Joanna*; but after a bloody war, the ambitious views of Alonzo and his courtiers were defeated.

† The Prince of Portugal.

With curving movement o'er the field he rode,
Th' opposing troops his wheeling squadrons mow'd:
The purple dawn and evening sun beheld
His tents encamp't assert the conquer'd field.
Thus when the ghost of Julius hover'd o'er
Philippi's plain, appeased with Roman gore,
Octavius' legions left the field in flight,
While happier Marcus triumph'd in the fight.

When endless night had seal'd his mortal eyes,
And brave Alonzo's spirit sought the skies,
The second of the name, the valiant John,
Our thirteenth monarch, now ascends the throne.
To seize immortal fame, his mighty mind,
What man had never dared before, design'd;
That glorious labour which I now pursue,
Through seas unsail'd to find the shores that view
The day-star, rising from his watery bed,
The first grey beams of infant morning shed.
Selected messengers his will obey; [way:
Through Spain and France they hold their vent'rous

Through Italy they reach the port that gave
 The fair Parthenope * an honour'd grave;
 That shore which oft has felt the servile chain
 But now smiles happy in the care of Spain.
 Now from the port the brave advent'urers bore,
 And cut the billows of the Rhodian shore;
 Now reach the strand, where noble Pompey bled†;
 And now, repair'd with rest, to Memphis sped;
 And now, ascending by the vales of Nile,
 Whose waves pour fatness o'er the grateful soil,
 Through Ethiopia's peaceful dales they stray,
 Where their glad eyes Messiah's rites survey‡:
 And now they pass the famed Arabian flood,
 Whose waves of old in wondrous ridges stood,
 While Israel's favour'd race the sable bottom
 trode:

* ———*Parthenope*—was one of the Syrens. Enraged because she could not allure Ulysses, she threw herself into the sea. Her corpse was thrown ashore, and buried where Naples now stands.

† ———*Where noble Pompey bled*—The coast of Alexandria.

‡ ———*Messiah's rites survey*—Among the Christians of *Prester John*, or Abyssinia.

Behind them glistening to the morning skies,
The mountains named from Izmael's offspring rise*;
Now round their steps the blest Arabia spreads
Her groves of odour, and her balmy meads,
And every breast, inspired with glee, inhales
The grateful fragrance of Sabæa's gales:
Now past the Persian gulph their rout ascends
Where 'Tigris' wave with proud Euphrates blends;
Illustrious streams, where still the native shews
Where Babel's haughty tower unfinish'd rose:
From thence through climes unknown, their daring
course

Beyond where Trajan† forced his way, they force;
Carmanian hordes, and Indian tribes they saw,
And many a barbarous rite, and many a law

* *The mountains named from Izmael's offspring*—The Nabathean mountains; so named from Nabaoth, the son of Ishmael.

† *Beyond where Trajan*—The Emperor Trajan extended the bounds of the Roman Empire in the East, far beyond any of his predecessors. His conquests reached to the river Tigris, near which stood the city of Ctesiphon, which he subdued. The Roman Historians boasted that India was entirely conquered by him; but they could only mean Arabia Felix. Vid. Dion. Cass. Euseb. Chron. p. 206.

Their search explored ; but to their native shore,
Enrich'd with knowledge, they return'd no more.
The glad completion of the Fate's decree,
Kind heaven reserved, Emmanuel, for thee.
The crown, and high ambition of thy sires,
To thee descending, waked thy latent fires;
And to command the sea from pole to pole,
With restless wish inflamed thy mighty soul.

Now from the sky the sacred light withdrawn,
O'er heaven's clear azure shone the stars of dawn,
Deep Silence spread her gloomy wings around,
And human griefs were wrapt in sleep profound.
The monarch slumber'd on his golden bed,
Yet anxious cares possess his thoughtful head;
His generous soul, intent on public good,
The glorious duties of his birth review'd.
When sent by heaven a sacred dream inspired
His labouring mind, and with its radiance fired:
High to the clouds his towering head was rear'd,
New worlds, and nations fierce and strange, appear'd;
The purple dawning o'er the mountains flow'd,
The forest-boughs with yellow splendor glow'd;

High from the steep two copious glassy streams
Roll'd down, and glitter'd in the morning beams.
Here various monsters of the wild were seen,
And birds of plumage, azure, scarlet, green:
Here various herbs, and flowers of various bloom;
There black as night the forest's horrid gloom,
Whose shaggy brakes, by human step untrod,
Darken'd the glaring lion's dread abode.
Here as the monarch fix'd his wondering eyes,
Two hoary fathers from the streams arise;
Their aspect rustic, yet a reverend grace
Appear'd majestic on their wrinkled face:
Their tawny beards uncomb'd, and sweepy long,
Adown their knees in shaggy ringlets hung;
From every lock the crystal drops distil,
And bathe their limbs as in a trickling rill;
Gay wreaths of flowers, of fruitage, and of boughs,
Nameless in Europe, crown'd their furrow'd brows.
Bent o'er his staff, more silver'd o'er with years,
Worn with a longer way, the One appears;
Who now slow beckoning with his wither'd hand,
As now advanced before the king they stand.

O thou, whom worlds to Europe yet unknown,
Are doom'd to yield, and dignify thy crown;
To thee our golden shores the Fates decree;
Our necks, unbow'd before, shall bend to thee.
Wide through the world resounds our wealthy
fame;
Haste, speed thy prows, that fated wealth to claim.
From Paradise my hallowed waters spring;
The sacred Ganges I, my brother king
Th' illustrious author of the Indian name:
Yet toil shall languish, and the fight shall flame;
Our fairest lawns with streaming gore shall smoke,
Ere yet our shoulders bend beneath the yoke;
But thou shalt conquer: all thine eyes survey,
With all our various tribes, shall own thy sway.

He spoke : and melting in a silvery stream,
Both disappear'd ; when waking from his dream,
The wondering monarch thrill'd with awe divine,
Weighs in his lofty thoughts the sacred sign.

Now morning bursting from the eastern sky
Spreads o'er the clouds the blushing rose's die ;

The nations wake, and at the sovereign's call
The Lusian nobles crowd the palace hall.
The vision of his sleep the monarch tells;
Each heaving breast with joyful wonder swells:
Fulfil, they cry, the sacred sign obey,
And spread the canvass for the Indian sea.
Instant My looks with troubled ardour burn'd,
When keen on Me his eyes the monarch turn'd:
What he beheld I know not; but I know,
Big swell'd my bosom with a prophet's glow:
And long my mind, with wondrous bodings fired,
Had to the glorious dreadful toil aspired;
Yet to the king, whate'er my looks betrayed,
My looks the omen of success displayed.
When with that sweetness in his mien exprest,
Which unresisted wins the generous breast,
Great are the dangers, great the toils, he cried,
Ere glorious honours crown the victor's pride.
If in the glorious strife the hero fall,
He proves no danger could his soul appal;
And but to dare so great a toil, shall raise
Each age's wonder, and immortal praise.

For this dread toil new oceans to explore,
To spread the sail where sail ne'er flow'd before,
For this dread labour, to your valour due,
From all your peers I name, O VASCO, you.
Dread as it is, yet light the task shall be
To you my GAMA, as perform'd for Me.—
My heart could bear no more——Let skies on fire,
Let frozen seas, let horrid war conspire,
I dare them all, I cried, and but repine
That one poor life is all I can resign.
Did to my lot Alcides' labours fall,
For you my joyful heart would dare them all;
The ghastly realms of death could man invade,
For you my steps should trace the ghastly shade.

While thus with loyal zeal my bosom swell'd,
That panting zeal my Prince with joy beheld:
Honour'd with gifts I stood, but honour'd more
By that esteem my joyful Sovereign bore.
That generous praise which fires the soul of worth,
And gives new virtues unexpected birth,
That praise even now my heaving bosom fires,
Inflames my courage, and each wish inspires.

Moved by affection, and allured by fame,
A gallant youth, who bore the dearest name,
Paulus my brother, boldly sued to share
My toils, my dangers, and my fate in war;
And brave Coëlle urged the Hero's claim
To dare each hardship, and to join our fame:
For glory both with restless ardour burn'd,
And silken ease for horrid danger spurn'd;
Alike renown'd in council or in field,
The snare to baffle, or the sword to wield.
Through Lisboa's youth the kindling ardour ran,
And bold ambition thrill'd from man to man;
And each the meanest of the venturous band
With gifts stood honour'd by the Sovereign's hand.
Heavens! what a fury swell'd each warrior's breast,
When each, in turn, the smiling King addrest!
Fired by his words the direst toils they scorn'd,
And with the horrid lust of danger fiercely burn'd.

With such bold rage the youth of Mynia glow'd,
When the first keel the Euxine surges plough'd;
When bravely venturous for the golden fleece
Orac'lous Argo sailed from wondering Greece.

Where Tago's yellow stream the harbour laves,
And slowly mingles with the ocean waves,
In warlike pride my gallant navy rode,
And proudly o'er the beach my soldiers strode.
Sailors and land-men marshall'd o'er the strand,
In garbs of various hue around me stand,
Each earnest first to plight the sacred vow,
Oceans unknown and gulphs untry'd to plough:
Then turning to the ships their sparkling eyes,
With joy they heard the breathing winds arise;
Elate with joy beheld the flapping sail,
And purple standards floating on the gale;
While each presaged that great as Argo's fame,
Our fleet should give some starry band a name.

Where foaming on the shore the tide appears,
A sacred fane its hoary arches rears:
Dim o'er the sea the evening shades descend,
And at the holy shrine devout we bend:
There, while the tapers o'er the altar blaze,
Our prayers and earnest vows to heaven we raise.
“ Safe through the deep, where every yawning wave
Still to the Sailor's eye displays his grave;

Through howling tempests, and through gulphs
 untry'd,
 O! mighty God! be thou our watchful guide.”
 While kneeling thus before the sacred shrine,
 In Holy Faith's most solemn rite we join,
 Our peace with heaven the bread of peace confirms,
 And meek contrition every bosom warms:
 Sudden the lights extinguish'd, all around
 Dread silence reigns, and midnight gloom profound;
 A sacred horror pants on every breath,
 And each firm breast devotes itself to death,
 An offer'd sacrifice, sworn to obey
 My nod, and follow where I lead the way.
 Now prostrate round the hallow'd shrine we lie*,
 Till rosy morn bespreads the eastern sky;

* *Now prostrate round the hallowed shrine we lie*—This solemn scene is according to history: Aberat Olysippone prope littus quatuor passuum millia templum sanè religiosum et sanctum ab Henrico in honorem sanctissimæ virginis edificatum In id Gama pridie illius diei, quo erat navem conscensurus, se recepit, ut noctem cum religiosis hominibus qui in ædibus templo conjunctis habitabant, in precibus et votis consumeret. Sequenti die cum multi non illius tantum gratia, sed aliorum etiam, qui illi comites erant, convenissent,

Then, breathing fixt resolves, my daring mates
 March to the ships, while pour'd from Lisboa's gates,
 Thousands on thousands crowding, press along,
 A woeful, weeping, melancholy throng.
 A thousand white-robed priests our steps attend,
 And prayers, and holy vows to heaven ascend.
 A scene so solemn, and the tender woe
 Of parting friends, constrained my tears to flow.
 To weigh our anchors from our native shore—
 To dare new oceans never dared before—
 Perhaps to see my native coast no more—
 Forgive, O king, if as a man I feel,
 I bear no bosom of obdurate steel—
 (The godlike hero here supprest the sigh,
 And wiped the tear-drop from his manly eye;
 Then thus resuming—) All the peopled shore
 An awful, silent look of anguish wore;

fuit ab omnibus in scaphis deductus. Neque solùm homines
 religiosi, sed reliqui omnes voce maxima cum lacrymis à Deo
 precabantur, ut benè et prosperè illa tam periculosa navigatio
 omnibus eveniret, et universi re benè gesta incolumes in pa-
 triam redirent.

Affection, friendship, all the kindred ties
Of spouse and parent languish'd in their eyes:
As men they never should again behold,
Self-offer'd victims to destruction sold,
On us they fixt the eager look of woe,
While tears o'er every cheek began to flow;
When thus aloud, Alas! my son, my son,
An hoary Sire exclaims! Oh, whither run,
My heart's sole joy, my trembling age's stay,
To yield thy limbs the dread sea-monster's prey!
To seek thy burial in the raging wave,
And leave me cheerless sinking to the grave!
Was it for this I watch'd thy tender years,
And bore each fever of a father's fears!
Alas! my boy!—His voice is heard no more,
The female shriek resounds along the shore:
With hair dishevell'd, through the yielding crowd
A lovely bride springs on, and screams aloud;
Oh! where, my husband, where to seas unknown,
Where would'st thou fly me, and my love disown!
And wilt thou, cruel, to the deep consign
That valued life, the joy, the soul of mine:

And must our loves, and all the kindred train
Of rapt endearments, all expire in vain!
All the dear transports of the warm embrace,
When mutual love inspired each raptured face!
Must all, alas! be scatter'd in the wind,
Nor thou bestow one lingering look behind!

Such the lorn parents' and the spouses' woes,
Such o'er the strand, the voice of wailing rose;
From breast to breast the soft contagion crept,
Moved by the woful sound the children wept;
The mountain echoes catch the big-swoln sighs,
And through the dales prolong the matron's cries;
The yellow sands with tears are silver'd o'er,
Our fate the mountains and the beach deplore.
Yet firm we march, nor turn one glance aside
On hoary parent, or on lovely bride.
Though glory fired our hearts, too well we knew
What soft affection and what love could do.
The last embrace the bravest worst can bear:
The bitter yearnings of the parting tear
Sullen we shun, unable to sustain
The melting passion of such tender pain.

Now on the lofty decks prepared we stand,
 When towering o'er the crowd that veil'd the strand,
 A reverend figure* fixt each wondering eye,
 And beckoning thrice he waved his hand on high,

* *A reverend figure*—By this old man is personified the populace of Portugal. The endeavours to discover the East Indies by the Southern ocean, for about eighty years had been the favourite topic of complaint; and never was any measure of government more unpopular than the expedition of Gama. Emmanuel's council were almost unanimous against the attempt. Some dreaded the introduction of wealth, and its attendants, luxury and effeminacy; while others affirmed, that no adequate advantages could arise from so perilous and remote a navigation. Others, with a foresight peculiar to Politicians, were alarmed, lest the Egyptian Sultan, who was powerful in the East, should signify his displeasure; and others foresaw, that success would combine all the Princes of Christendom in a league for the destruction of Portugal. In short, if glory, interest, or the propagation of the gospel, were desired, Africa and Ethiopia, they said, afforded both nearer and more advantageous fields. The expressions of the thousands who crowded the shore when Gama gave his sails to the wind, are thus expressed by Osorius, from whom the above facts are selected.—*A multis tamen interim is fletus atque lamentatio fiebat, ut funus efferre viderentur. Sic enim dicebant: En quo miseros mortales provexit cupiditas et ambitio? Potuitne gravius supplicium hominibus istis constitui, si in se scelestum aliquod facinus admisissent? Est enim illis im-*

And thrice his hoary curls he sternly shook,
 While grief and anger mingled in his look;
 Then to its height his faltering voice he rear'd,
 And through the fleet these awful words were heard:

O frantic thirst of honour and of fame,
 The crowd's blind tribute, a fallacious name;
 What stings, what plagues, what secret scourges curst,
 Torment those bosoms where thy pride is nurst!
 What dangers threaten, and what deaths destroy
 The hapless youth, whom thy vain gleams decoy!

mensi maris longitudo peragrandæ, fluctus immanes difficillima navigatione superandi, vitæ discrimen in locis infinitis obeundum. Non fuit multò tolerabilius, in terra quovis genere mortis absumi, quàm tam procul à patria marinis fluctibus sepeliri. Hæc et alia multa in hanc sententiam dicebant, cùm omnia multò tristiora fingere præ metu cogerentur.—The tender emotion and fixt resolution of Gama, and the earnest passion of the multitudes on the shore, are thus added by the same venerable historian: Gama tamen quamvis lacrymas suorum desiderio funderet, rei tamen benè gerendæ fiducia confirmatus, alacriter in navem faustis omnibus conscendit. Qui in littore consistebant, non prius abscedere voluerunt, quàm naves vento secundo plenissimis velis ab omnium conspectu remotæ sunt.

By thee, dire Tyrant of the noble mind,
What dreadful woes are pour'd on human kind ;
Kingdoms and Empires in confusion hurl'd,
What streams of gore have drench'd the hapless
Thou dazzling meteor, vain as fleeting air, [world !
What new-dread horror dost thou now prepare !
High sounds thy voice of India's pearly shore,
Of endless triumphs and of countless store :
Of other worlds so tower'd thy swelling boast,
Thy golden dreams, when Paradise was lost,
When thy big promise steep'd the world in gore,
And simple innocence was known no more.
And say, has fame so dear, so dazzling charms ?
Must brutal fierceness and the trade of arms,
Conquest, and laurels dip'd in blood, be prized,
While life is scorn'd, and all its joys despised !
And say, does zeal for holy Faith inspire
To spread its mandates, thy avow'd desire ?
Behold the Hagarene in armour stands,
Treads on thy borders, and the foe demands :
A thousand cities own his lordly sway,
A thousand various shores his nod obey.

Through all these regions, all these cities, scorn'd
Is thy religion, and thine altars spurn'd.

A foe renown'd in arms the brave require;
That high-plumed foe, renown'd for martial fire,
Before thy gates his shining spear displays,
Whilst thou wouldst fondly dare the watery maze,
Enfeebled leave thy native land behind,
On shores unknown a foe unknown to find.

Oh! madness of ambition! thus to dare
Dangers so fruitless, so remote a war!

That Fame's vain flattery may thy name adorn,
And thy proud titles on her flag be borne:
Thee, Lord of Persia, thee, of India Lord,
O'er Ethiopia's Vast, and Araby adored!

Curst be the man who first on floating wood,
Forsook the beach, and braved the treacherous
flood!

Oh! never, never may the sacred Nine,
To crown his brows, the hallowed wreath entwine;
Nor may his name to future times resound,
Oblivion be his meed, and hell profound!

Curst be the wretch, the fire of heaven who stole,
And with ambition first debauch'd the soul!
What woes, Prometheus, walk the frighten'd earth!
To what dread slaughter has thy pride given birth!
On proud Ambition's pleasing gales upborne,
One boasts to guide the chariot of the morn*:
And one on treacherous pinions soaring high,
O'er ocean's waves dar'd sail the liquid sky:
Dash'd from their height they mourn their blighted
aim;

One gives a river, one a sea the name!
Alas! the poor reward of that gay meteor Fame!
Yet such the fury of the mortal race,
Though Fame's fair promise ends in foul disgrace,
Though conquest still the victor's hope betrays,
The prize a shadow, or a rainbow blaze,
Yet still through fire and raging seas they run
To catch the gilded shade, and sink undone†!

* *One boasts to guide the chariot of the morn, &c.*—Alluding to the fables of Phaeton and Icarus.

† *The departure of the fleet from the Tagus.*—In no circum-

stance does the judgment and art of Homer appear more conspicuous, than in the constant attention he pays to his proposed subjects, the wrath of Achilles, and the sufferings of Ulysses. He bestows the utmost care on every incident that could possibly impress our minds with high ideas of the determined rage of the injured hero, and of the invincible patience of the πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς. Virgil throughout the Eneid has followed the same course. Every incident that could possibly tend to magnify the dangers and difficulties of the wanderings of Æneas, in his long search for the promised Italy, is set before us in the fullest magnitude. But, however, this method of ennobling the Epic, by the utmost attention to give a grandeur to every circumstance of the proposed subject, may have been neglected by Voltaire in his *Henriade*, and by some other moderns, who have attempted the *Epopœia*; it has not been omitted by Camoens. The Portuguese Poet has, with great art, conducted the voyage of Gama. Every circumstance attending it is represented with magnificence and dignity. John II. designs what had never been attempted before. Messengers are sent by land to discover the climate and riches of India. Their rout is described in the manner of Homer. The palm of discovery, however, is reserved for a succeeding monarch. Emmanuel is warned by a dream, which affords another striking instance of the spirit of the Grecian Poet. The enthusiasm which the king beholds on the aspect of Gama is a noble stroke of poetry; the solemnity of the night spent in devotion; the sullen resolution of the Adventurers when going aboard the fleet; the affecting grief of their friends and fellow-citizens, who viewed them as self-devoted victims, whom they were never more to behold; and the angry exclamations of the venerable old man, give a

dignity and interesting pathos to the departure of the fleet of Gama, unborrowed from any of the classics. In the *Æneid*, where the Trojans leave a colony of Invalids in Sicily, nothing of the awfully tender is attempted. And in the *Odyssey* there is no circumstance which can be called similar.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE
LUSIAD.

BOOK V.

WHILE on the beach the hoary father stood
And spoke the murmurs of the multitude,
We spread the canvass to the rising gales;
The gentle winds distend the snowy sails.
As from our dear-loved native shore we fly
Our votive shouts, redoubled, rend the sky;
“Success, success,” far echoes o’er the tide,
While our broad hulks the foamy waves divide.
From Leo now, the lordly star of day,
Intensely blazing, shot his fiercest ray;
When slowly gliding from our wishful eyes,
The Lusian mountains mingled with the skies;
Tago’s loved stream, and Cyntra’s mountains cold
Dim fading now, we now no more behold;

And still with yearning hearts our eyes explore,
Till one dim speck of land appears no more.
Our native soil now far behind, we ply
The lonely dreary waste of seas and boundless sky.
Through the wild deep our venturous navy bore,
Where but our Henry * plough'd the wave before:
The verdant islands, first by him descry'd,
We past; and now in prospect opening wide,
Far to the left, increasing on the view,
Rose Mauritania's hills of paly blue:
Far to the right the restless ocean roared,
Whose bounding surges never keel explored;
If bounding shore†, as Reason deems, divide
The vast Atlantic from the Indian tide.

Named from her woods, with fragrant bowers
From fair Madeira's purple coast we turn'd: [adorn'd,

* *Where but our Henry*—Don Henry, Prince of Portugal, of whom, see the History of the Discovery of India.

† *If bounding shore*—The discovery of some of the West Indian islands by Columbus was made in 1492 and 1493. His discovery of the continent of America was not till 1498. The fleet of Gama sailed from the Tagus in 1497.

Cyprus and Paphos' vales the smiling loves
Might leave with joy for fair Madeira's groves;
A shore so flowery, and so sweet an air,
Venus might build her dearest temple there.
Onward we pass Massyla's barren strand,
A waste of wither'd grass and burning sand;
Where his thin herds the meagre native leads,
Where not a rivulet laves the doleful meads;
Nor herds nor fruitage deck the woodland maze:
O'er the wild waste the stupid ostrich strays,
In devious search to pick her scanty meal,
Whose fierce digestion gnaws the temper'd steel.
From the green verge, where Tigitania ends,
To Ethiopia's line the dreary wild extends.
Now past the limit, which his course divides,
When to the North the Sun's bright chariot rides,
We leave the winding bays and swarthy shores,
Where Senegal's black wave impetuous roars;
A flood, whose course a thousand tribes surveys,
The tribes who blacken'd in the fiery blaze,
When Phaeton, devious from the solar height,
Gave Afric's sons the sable hue of night.

And now from far the Lybian cape is seen,
 Now by my mandate named the Cape of Green*.
 Where midst the billows of the ocean smiles
 A flowery sister-train, the happy isles†,
 Our onward prows the murmuring surges lave;
 And now our vessels plough the gentle wave,
 Where the blue islands, named of Hesper old,
 Their fruitful bosoms to the deep unfold.
 Here changeful Nature shews her various face,
 And frolics o'er the slopes with wildest grace:
 Here our bold fleet their ponderous anchors threw,
 The sickly cherish, and our stores renew.
 From him the warlike guardian power of Spain,
 Whose spear's dread lightning o'er th' embattled plain
 Has oft o'erwhelm'd the Moors in dire dismay,
 And fixt the fortune of the doubtful day;
 From him we name our station of repair,
 And Jago's name that isle shall ever bear‡.

* ——— *Cape of Green*—Called by Ptolemy, *Caput Asinarium*.

† ——— *the happy isles*—Called by the ancients, *Insulæ Fortunatæ*, now the Canaries.

‡ *And Jago's name, &c.*—The Spanish and Portuguese com-

The northern winds now curl'd the blackening main,
 Our sails unfurl'd we plough the tide again :
 Round Afric's coast our winding course we steer,
 Where bending to the East the shores appear,
 Here Jalofo its wide extent displays,
 And vast Mandinga* shews its numerous bays;
 Whose mountains' sides, though parch'd and barren,
 In copious store, the seeds of beamy gold. [hold,
 The Gambia here his serpent journey takes,
 And through the lawns a thousand windings makes;
 A thousand swarthy tribes his current laves,
 Ere mix his waters with th' Atlantic waves.
 The Gorgades† we past, that hated shore,
 Famed for its terrors by the bards of yore ;

manders frequently declared, that they saw St. James in complete armour fighting in the heat of battle at the head of their armies, and beckoning them with his spear to advance; *San Iago, Iago*, was immediately echoed through the ranks, and victory usually crowned the ardour of enthusiasm.

* Jalofo and Mandinga, two provinces on the western coast of Africa, the former is situated near the river Senegal, and the latter a few degrees to the South of the Rio Grande.

† *The Gorgades*—*Contra hoc promontorium (Hesperionceras)*

Where but one eye by Phorcus' daughters shared,
 The lorn beholders into marble stared ;
 Three dreadful sisters! down whose temples roll'd
 Their hair of snakes in many a hissing fold,
 And scattering horror o'er the dreary strand,
 With swarms of vipers sow'd the burning sand.
 Still to the south our pointed keels we guide,
 And through the Austral gulph still onward ride.
 Her palmy forests mingling with the skies,
 Leona's rugged steep* behind us flies:
 The Cape of Palms that jutting land we name,
 Already conscious of our nation's fame.

Gorgades insulæ narrantur, Gorgonum quondam domus, bidui navigatione distantes a continente, ut tradit Xenophon Lamp-sacenus. Penetravit in eas Hanno Pœnorum imperator, prodi-ditque hirta fœminarum corpora viros pernecitate evasisse, duarumque Gorgonum cutes argumenti et miraculi gratia in Junonis templo posuit, spectatas usque ad Carthaginem captam. Plin. Hist. Nat. l. 6. c. 31.

* *Leona's rugged steep*—This ridge of mountains, on account of its great height, was named by the antients Θεῶν ὄχημα, *the chariot of the Gods*. Camoens gives it its Portuguese name, *Serra Lioa, the Rock of Lions*.

Where the vext waves against our bulwarks roar,
And Lusian towers o'erlook the bending shore:
Our sails wide swelling to the constant blast,
Now by the isle from Thomas named we past;
And Congo's spacious realm before us rose,
Where copious Zayra's limpid billow flows;
A flood by ancient hero never seen,
Where many a temple o'er the banks of green,
Rear'd by the Lusian heroes*, through the night
Of Pagan darkness, pours the mental light.

O'er the wild waves as southward thus we stray,
Our port unknown, unknown the watery way;

* *Rear'd by the Lusian heroes*—During the reign of John II. the Portuguese erected several forts, and acquired great power in the extensive regions of Guinea. *Azambuja*, a Portuguese captain, having obtained leave from *Caramansa*, a Negro Prince, to erect a fort on his territories, an unlucky accident had almost proved fatal to the discoverers. A huge rock lay very commodious for a quarry; the workmen began on it; but this rock, as the Devil would have it, happened to be a Negro God. The Portuguese were driven away by the enraged worshippers, who were afterwards with difficulty pacified by a profusion of such presents as they most esteemed.

Each night we see, imprest with solemn awe,
Our guiding stars and native skies withdraw :
In the wide void we lose their cheering beams :
Lower and lower still the Pole-star gleams,
Till past the limit, where the car of day
Roll'd o'er our heads, and pour'd the downward ray,
We now disprove the faith of ancient lore ;
Bootes' shining car appears no more :
For here we saw Calisto's star * retire
Beneath the waves, unawed by Juno's ire.
Here, while the Sun his polar journeys takes,
His visit doubled, double season makes ;

* *Calisto's star*—According to fable, Calisto was a nymph of Diana. Jupiter, having assumed the figure of that goddess completed his amorous desires. On the discovery of her pregnancy, Diana drove her from her train. She fled to the woods, where she was delivered of a son. Juno changed them into bears, and Jupiter placed them in heaven, where they form the constellation of *Ursa major* and *minor*. Juno, still enraged, entreated Thetis never to suffer Calisto to bathe in the sea. This is founded on the appearance of the northern pole-star to the inhabitants of our hemisphere ; but when Gama approached the southern pole, the northern, of consequence, disappeared under the waves.

Stern winter twice deforms the changeful year,
And twice the spring's gay flowers their honour's
rear.

Now pressing onward, past the burning zone,
Beneath another heaven, and stars unknown,
Unknown to heroes, and to sages old,
With southward prows our pathless course we hold:
Here gloomy night assumes a darker reign,
And fewer stars emblaze the heavenly plain;
Fewer than those that gild the northern pole,
And o'er our seas their glittering chariots roll——
While nightly thus the lonely seas we brave
Another Pole-star rises o'er the wave;
Full to the south a shining cross* appears;
Our heaving breasts the blissful Omen cheers:
Seven radiant stars compose the hallowed sign
That rose still higher o'er the wavy brine.

* *Full to the south a shining cross appears*—The constellation of the southern pole was called *The Cross* by the Portuguese sailors, from the appearance of that figure formed by seven stars, four of which are particularly luminous.

In the southern hemisphere, as Camoens observes, the nights are darker than in the northern, the skies being adorned with much fewer stars.

Beneath this southern axle of the world,
Never, with daring search, was flag unfurl'd ;
Nor pilot knows if bounding shores are placed,
Or if one dreary sea o'erflow the lonely waste.

While thus our keels still onward boldly stray'd,
Now tost by tempests, now by calms delay'd,
To tell the terrors of the deep untry'd,
What toils we suffer'd, and what storms defy'd ;
What rattling deluges the black clouds pour'd,
What dreary weeks of solid darkness lour'd ;
What mountain surges mountain surges lash'd,
What sudden hurricanes the canvass dash'd ;
What bursting lightnings, with incessant flare,
Kindled in one wide flame the burning air ;
What roaring thunders bellowed o'er our head,
And seem'd to shake the reeling ocean's bed :
To tell each horror on the deep reveal'd,
Would ask an iron throat with tenfold vigour steel'd :
Those dreadful wonders of the deep I saw,
Which fill the sailor's breast with sacred awe ;
And which the sages, of their learning vain,
Esteem the phantoms of the dreamful brain.

That living fire, by sea-men held divine*,
Of heaven's own care in storms the holy sign,

* *That living fire, by sea-men held divine*—The ancients thus accounted for this appearance: The sulphureous vapours of the air, after being violently agitated by a tempest, unite, and when the humidity begins to subside, as is the case when the storm is almost exhausted, by the agitation of their atoms they take fire, and are attracted by the masts and cordage of the ship. Being thus naturally the pledges of the approaching calm it is no wonder that the superstition of sailors should in all ages have esteemed them divine, and

Of heaven's own care in storms the holy sign.

In the expedition of the Golden Fleece, in a violent tempest these fires were seen to hover over the heads of Castor and Pollux, who were two of the Argonauts, and a calm immediately ensued. After the apotheoses of these heroes, the Grecian sailors invoked those fires by the names of Castor and Pollux, or *the sons of Jupiter*. The Athenians called them Σωτῆρες, *Saviours*, and Homer, in his hymn to Castor and Pollux, says,

Ναύταις σήματα καλὰ πόνου σφίσιν, οἳ δὲ ἰδόντες
Γήθησαν, πᾶυσαντο δ' οἰζυροῖο πόνοιο.

Plin. Nat. Hist. l. 2. Seneca, Quest. Nat. c. 1. and Cæsar de Bell. Afr. c. VI. mention these fires as often seen to alight and rest on the points of the spears of the soldiers. By the French and Spaniards they are called St. Helme's fires; and by the Italians, the fires of St. Peter and St. Nicholas. Modern discoveries have proved that these appearances are the electric fluid attracted by the spindle of the mast, or the point of the spear.

Which midst the horrors of the tempest plays,
And on the blast's dark wings will gaily blaze;
These eyes distinct have seen that living fire
Glide through the storm, and round my sails aspire.
And oft, while wonder thrill'd my breast, mine eyes
To heaven have seen the watery columns rise.
Slender at first the subtle fume appears,
And writhing round and round its volume rears:
Thick as a mast the vapour swells its size;
A curling whirlwind lifts it to the skies:
The tube now straitens, now in width extends,
And in a hovering cloud its summit ends:
Still gulp on gulp in sucks the rising tide,
And now the cloud, with cumbrous weight supply'd,
Full-gorged, and blackening, spreads, and moves,
 more slow,
And waving trembles to the waves below.
Thus when to shun the summer's sultry beam
The thirsty heifer seeks the cooling stream,
The eager horse-leech fixing on her lips,
Her blood with ardent throat insatiate sips,

Till the gorged glutton, swell'd beyond her size,
 Drops from her wounded hold, and bursting dies.
 So bursts the cloud, o'erloaded with its freight,
 And the dash'd ocean staggers with the weight.
 But say, ye sages *, who can weigh the cause,
 And trace the secret springs of Nature's laws,

* *But say, ye sages*—In this book, particularly in the description of Massilia, the Gorgades, the fires called Castor and Pollux, and the water-spout, Camoens has happily imitated the manner of Lucan. It is probable that Camoens, in his voyage to the East Indies, was an eye-witness of the phænomena of the fires and water-spout. The latter is thus described by Pliny, l. 2. c. 51. *Fit et caligo, belluæ similis nubes dira navigantibus vocatur et columna, cum spissatus humor rigensque ipse se sustinet, et in longam veluti fistulam nubes aquam trahit.* Dr. Priestley, from Signior Beccaria, thus describes the water-spouts: “They generally appear in calm weather. The sea seems to boil, and send up a smoke under them, rising in a hill towards the spout. A rumbling noise is heard. The form is that of a speaking trumpet, the wider end being towards the clouds, and the narrower towards the sea. The colour is sometimes whitish, and at other times black. Their position is sometimes perpendicular, sometimes oblique, and sometimes in the form of a curve. Their continuance is various; some vanish instantly and presently rise again; and some continue near an hour.” Modern philosophers ascribe them to electricity, and esteem them of the same nature as whirlwinds and hurricanes on land. Camoens says, the water of which they

Say, why the wave, of bitter brine erewhile,
Should to the bosom of the deep recoil
Robb'd of its salt, and from the cloud distil
Sweet as the waters of the limpid rill?
Ye sons of boastful wisdom, famed of yore,
Whose feet unwearied wander'd many a shore,
From Nature's wonders to withdraw the veil,
Had you with me unfurl'd the daring sail,
Had view'd the wondrous scenes mine eyes survey'd,
What seeming miracles the deep display'd,
What secret virtues various Nature shew'd,
Oh! heaven! with what a fire your page had glow'd!

And now since wandering o'er the foamy spray,
Our brave Armada held her venturous way,
Five times the changeful Empress of the night
Had fill'd her shining horns with silver light,

are composed, becomes freshened; which some have thus accounted for: When the violent heat attracts the waters to arise in the form of a tube, the marine salts are left behind by the action of rarefaction, being too gross and fixed to ascend. It is thus, when the overloaded vapour bursts, that it descends

Sweet as the waters of the limpid rill.

When sudden from the main-top's airy round
Land, land, is echoed—At the joyful sound,
Swift to the crowded decks the bounding crew
On wings of hope and fluttering transport flew,
And each strain'd eye with aching sight explores
The wide horizon of the eastern shores:
As thin blue clouds the mountain summits rise,
And now the lawns salute our joyful eyes;
Loud through the fleet the echoing shouts prevail,
We drop the anchor, and restrain the sail;
And now descending in a spacious bay,
Wide o'er the coast the venturous soldiers stray,
To spy the wonders of the savage shore,
Where stranger's foot had never trod before.
I, and my pilots, on the yellow sand
Explore beneath what sky the shores expand.
That sage Device,* whose wondrous use proclaims
Th' immortal honour of its authors' names,

* *That sage Device*—The Astrolabium, an instrument of infinite service in navigation, by which the altitude of the sun, and distance of the stars are taken. It was invented in Portugal during the reign of John II. by two Jew Physicians,

The Sun's height measured, and my Compass
scann'd
The painted globe of ocean and of land.
Here we perceived our venturous keels had past,
Unharm'd, the southern tropic's howling blast;
And now approach'd dread Neptune's secret reign,
Where the stern Power, as o'er the Austral main
He rides, wide scatters from the polar star
Hail, ice, and snow, and all the wintery war.
While thus attentive on the beach we stood,
My soldiers, hastening from the upland wood,
Right to the shore a trembling Negro brought,
Whom on the forest-height by force they caught,
As distant wander'd from the cell of home,
He suck'd the honey from the porous comb.
Horror glared in his look, and fear extreme
In mien more wild than brutal Polypheme:
No word of rich Arabia's tongue he knew,
No sign could answer, nor our gems would view:

named Roderic and Joseph. It is asserted by some that they were assisted by Martin of Bohemia, a celebrated Mathematician. Partly from Castera. Vid. Barros, Dec. 1. l. 4. c. 2.

From garments striped with shining gold he turn'd;
The starry diamond and the silver spurn'd.
Strait at my nod are worthless trinkets brought;
Round beads of crystal as a bracelet wrought,
A cap of red, and dangling on a string
Some little bells of brass before him ring:
A wide-mouth'd laugh confest his barbarous joy,
And both his hands he raised to grasp the toy,
Pleased with these gifts we set the savage free,
Homeward he springs away, and bounds with glee.

Soon as the gleamy streaks of purple morn
The lofty forest's topmost boughs adorn,
Down the steep mountain's side, yet hoar with dew,
A naked crowd, and black as night their hue,
Come tripping to the shore: Their wishful eyes
Declare what tawdry trifles most they prize:
These to their hopes were given, and, void of fear,
Mild seem'd their manners, and their looks sincere.
A bold rash youth, ambitious of the fame
Of brave adventurer, Velose his name, [attends,
Through pathless brakes their homeward steps
And on his single arm for help depends.

Long was his stay: my earnest eyes explore,
When rushing down the mountain to the shore
I mark'd him; terror urged his rapid strides;
And soon Coëllo's skiff the wave divides.
Yet ere his friends advanced, the treacherous foe
Trod on his latest steps, and aim'd the blow.
Moved by the danger of a youth so brave,
Myself now snatch'd an oar, and sprung to save:
When sudden, blackening down the mountain's
Another crowd pursued his panting flight; [height,
And soon an arrowy and a flinty shower
Thick o'er our heads the fierce barbarians pour,
Nor pour'd in vain; a feather'd arrow stood
Fix'd in my leg*, and drank the gushing blood.

* *Fix'd in my leg*—Camoens, in describing the adventure of *Fernando Veloso*, by departing from the truth of history, has shewn his judgment as a Poet. The Place where the Portuguese landed they named the Bay of *St. Helen*. They caught one of two negroes, says *Faria*, who were busied in gathering honey on a mountain. Their behaviour to this savage, whom they gratified with a red cap, some glasses and bells, induced him to bring a number of his companions for the like trifles. Though some who accompanied Gama were skilled in the various Ethiopic languages, not one of the natives could understand them. A commerce however was commenced by signs and gestures. Gama behaved to them with great civility; the

Vengeance as sudden every wound repays,
Full on their fronts our flashing lightnings blaze;

fleet was cheerfully supplied with fresh provisions, for which the natives received clothes and trinkets. But this friendship was soon interrupted by a young rash Portuguese. Having contracted an intimacy with some of the negroes, he obtained leave to penetrate into the country along with them, to observe their habitations and strength. They conducted him to their huts with great good nature, and placed before him, what they esteemed an elegant repast, a sea calf dressed in the way of their country. This so much disgusted the delicate Portuguese, that he instantly got up and abruptly left them. Nor did they oppose his departure, but accompanied him with the greatest innocence. As fear, however, is always jealous, he imagined they were leading him as a victim to slaughter. No sooner did he come near the ships, than he called aloud for assistance. Coëllo's boat immediately set off for his rescue. The Ethiopians fled to the woods; and now esteeming the Portuguese as a band of lawless plunderers, they provided themselves with arms, and lay in ambush. Their weapons were javelins, headed with short pieces of horn, which they threw with great dexterity. Soon after, while Gama and some of his officers were on the shore, taking the altitude of the sun by the astrolabium, they were suddenly and with great fury attacked by the ambush from the woods. Several were much wounded, *multos convulnerant, inter quos Gama in pede vulnus accepit*, and Gama received a wound in the foot. The Admiral made a speedy retreat to the fleet, prudently chusing rather to leave the negroes the honour of the victory, than to risque the life

Their shrieks of horror instant pierce the sky,
And wing'd with fear at fullest speed they fly.
Long tracks of gore their scatter'd flight betray'd,
And now, Veloso to the fleet convey'd,
His sportful mates his brave exploits demand,
And what the curious wonders of the land:
“ Hard was the hill to climb, my valiant friend,
But oh! how smooth and easy to descend!
Well hast thou proved thy swiftness for the chase,
And shewn thy matchless merit in the race!”
With look unmov'd the gallant youth reply'd,
“ For you, my friends, my fleetest speed was try'd;
'Twas you the fierce barbarians meant to slay;
For you I fear'd the fortune of the day;
Your danger great without mine aid I knew,
And swift as lightning to your rescue flew.”
He now the treason of the foe relates,
How soon, as past the mountain's upland straits,
of one man in a quarrel so foreign to the destination of his
expedition; and where, to impress the terror of his arms could
be of no service to his interest. When he came nearer to India
he acted in a different manner. He then made himself dreaded
whenever the treachery of the natives provoked his resentment.
Collected from *Faria* and *Osorius*.

They changed the colour of their friendly show,
And force forbade his steps to tread below;
How down the coverts of the steepy brake
Their lurking stand a treacherous ambush take;
On us, when speeding to defend his flight,
To rush, and plunge us in the shades of night:
Nor while in friendship would their lips unfold
Where India's ocean laved the orient shores of gold.

Now prosp'rous gales the bending canvass swell'd;
From these rude shores our fearless course we held:
Beneath the glistening wave the God of day
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head
A black cloud hover'd: nor appear'd from far
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling
star;

So deep a gloom the louring vapour cast,
Transfixt with awe the bravest stood aghast.
Meanwhile a hollow bursting roar resounds,
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds;

Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven
The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.
Amazed we stood—O thou, our fortune's guide,
Avert this Omen, mighty God,—I cried;
Or through forbidden climes adventurous stray'd,
Have we the secrets of the deep survey'd,
Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky
Were doom'd to hide from man's unhallowed eye?
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
Than midnight tempests and the mingled roar,
When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore.

I spoke, when rising through the darken'd air,
Appall'd we saw an hideous Phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd,
And thwart our way with sullen aspect lour'd:
An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,
Erect uprose his hairs of wither'd red;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjoin'd, his gnashing teeth's blue rows;
His haggard beard flow'd quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;

His clouded front, by withering lightnings scared,
The inward anguish of his soul declared.
His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves
Shot livid fires: far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the cavern'd shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
Cold gliding horrors thrill'd each hero's breast,
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confest
Wild dread; the while with visage ghastly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the Fiend began:

O you, the boldest of the nations, fired
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,
Who scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your fearless
 prows,
Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,
Who mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore
Where never hero braved my rage before;
Ye sons of Lusus, who with eyes profane
Have view'd the secrets of my awful reign,

Have pass'd the bounds which jealous Nature drew
To veil her secret shrine from mortal view;
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend:

With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage,
The next proud fleet* that through my drear domain,
With daring search shall hoise the streaming vane,
That gallant navy by my whirlwinds tost,
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast:
Then He who first my secret reign descried,
A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide

* *The next proud fleet.*—On the return of Gama to Portugal, a fleet of thirteen sail, under the command of Pedro Alvarez de Cabral, was sent out on the second voyage to India, where the Admiral with only six ships arrived. The rest were mostly destroyed by a terrible tempest at the Cape of Good Hope, which lasted twenty days. The day-time, says *Faria*, was so dark that the sailors could scarcely see each other, or hear what was said, for the horrid noise of the winds. Among those who perished was the celebrated *Bartholomew Diaz*, who was the first modern discoverer of the Cape of Good Hope, which he named the Cape of Tempests.

Shall drive—Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
O Lusus! oft shalt thou thy children wail;
Each year thy shipwreck'd sons shalt thou deplore,
Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.

With trophies plumed behold an Hero come*,
Ye dreary wilds, prepare his yawning tomb.
Though smiling fortune blest his youthful morn,
Though glory's rays his laurel'd brows adorn,
Full oft though he beheld with sparkling eye
The Turkish moons in wild confusion fly,

* *Behold an hero come*—Don Francisco de Almeyda. He was the first Portuguese viceroy of India, in which country he obtained several great victories over the Mohammedans and Pagans. He conquered Quiloa, and Mombassa or Mombaze. On his return to Portugal he put into the bay of Saldanna, near the Cape of Good Hope, to take in water and provisions. The rudeness of one of his servants produced a quarrel with the Caffres, or Hottentots. His attendants, much against his will, forced him to march against the blacks. “Ah, whither (he exclaimed) will you carry the infirm man of sixty years.” After plundering a miserable village, on the return to their ships they were attacked by a superior number of Caffres, who fought with such fury in rescue of their children, whom the Portuguese had seized, that the viceroy and fifty of his attendants were slain.

While he, proud Victor, thunder'd in the rear,
All, all his mighty fame shall vanish here.
Quiloa's sons, and thine, Mombaze, shall see
Their Conqueror bend his laurel'd head to Me;
While proudly mingling with the tempest's sound,
Their shouts of joy from every cliff rebound.

The howling blast, ye slumbering storms prepare,
A youthful Lover and his beauteous Fair,
Triumphant sail from India's ravaged land;
His evil angel leads him to my strand.

Through the torn hulk the dashing waves shall
 roar,

The shatter'd wrecks shall blacken all my shore.
Themselves escaped, despoil'd by savage hands,
Shall naked wander o'er the burning sands,
Spared by the waves far deeper woes to bear,
Woes even by Me acknowledged with a tear.
Their infant race, the promised heirs of joy,
Shall now no more an hundred hands employ;
By cruel want, beneath the parents' eye,
In these wide wastes their infant race shall die.



Drawn by I. W. Harding.

Engraved by Anker Smith A.R.A.

LUSIAD.

Book 5.

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Through dreary wilds where never Pilgrim trod,
Where caverns yawn and rocky fragments nod,
The hapless Lover and his Bride shall stray,
By night unshelter'd, and forlorn by day.
In vain the Lover o'er the trackless plain
Shall dart his eyes, and cheer his spouse in vain.
Her tender limbs, and breast of mountain snow,
Where ne'er before intruding blast might blow,
Parch'd by the sun, and shrivell'd by the cold
Of dewy night, shall he, fond man, behold.
Thus wandering wide, a thousand ills o'erpast,
In fond embraces they shall sink at last;
While pitying tears their dying eyes o'erflow,
And the last sigh shall wail each other's woe*.

* *And the last sigh shall wail each other's woe.*—This poetical description of the miserable catastrophe of Don Emmanuel de Souza, and his beautiful spouse Leonora de Sà, is by no means exaggerated. He was several years governor of Diu in India, where he amassed immense wealth. On his return to his native country, the ship in which were his lady, all his riches, and five hundred men, his sailors and domestics, was dashed to pieces on the rocks at the Cape of Good Hope. Don Emmanuel, his lady, and three children, with four hundred of the

Some few, the sad companions of their fate,
Shall yet survive, protected by my hate,

crew, escaped, having only saved a few arms and provisions. As they marched through the rude uncultivated deserts, some died of famine, of thirst, and fatigue; others, who wandered from the main body in search of water, were murdered by the savages, or destroyed by the wild beasts. The horror of this miserable situation was most dreadfully aggravated to Donna Leonora: her husband began to discover starts of insanity. They arrived at last at a village inhabited by Ethiopian banditti. At first they were courteously received, and Souza, partly stupified with grief, at the desire of the barbarians, yielded up to them the arms of his company. No sooner was this done, than the savages stripped the whole company naked, and left them destitute to the mercy of the desert. The wretchedness of the delicate and exposed Leonora was increased by the brutal insults of the negroes. Her husband, unable to relieve, beheld her miseries. After having travelled about 500 leagues, her legs swelled, her feet bleeding at every step, and her strength exhausted, she sunk down, and with the sand covered herself to the neck, to conceal her nakedness. In this dreadful situation, she beheld two of her children expire. Her own death soon followed. Her husband, who had been long enamoured of her beauty, received her last breath in a distracted embrace. Immediately he snatched his third child in his arms, and uttering the most lamentable cries, he ran into the thickest of the wood, where the wild beasts were soon heard to growl over their prey. Of the whole four hundred who escaped the waves, only six and twenty arrived at another

On Tagus' banks the dismal tale to tell
How blasted by my frown your heroes fell.

He paus'd, in act still farther to disclose
A long, a dreary prophecy of woes:
When springing onward, loud my voice resounds,
And midst his rage the threatening Shade confounds:
What art thou, Horrid Form, that ridest the air?
By heaven's eternal light, stern Fiend, declare.
His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws,
And from his breast deep hollow groans arose;
Sternly askance he stood: with wounded pride
And anguish torn, In Me, behold, he cried,
While dark-red sparkles from his eyeballs roll'd,
In Me the Spirit of the Cape behold,
That rock by you the Cape of Tempests named,
By Neptune's rage in horrid earthquakes framed,
When Jove's red bolts o'er Titan's offspring flamed.

Ethiopian village, whose inhabitants were more civilized, and traded with the merchants of the Red sea: from hence they found a passage to Europe, and brought the tidings of the unhappy fate of their companions. Vide *Faria, Barros, &c.*

With wide-stretch'd piles I guard the pathless strand,
And Afric's southern mound unmoved I stand :
Nor Roman prow, nor daring Tyrian oar
Ere dash'd the white wave foaming to my shore ;
Nor Greece nor Carthage ever spread the sail
On these my seas to catch the trading gale.
You, you alone have dared to plough my main,
And with the human voice disturb my lonesome reign.

He spoke*, and deep a lengthen'd sigh he drew,
A doleful sound, and vanish'd from the view ;

* *He spoke*—The fiction of the apparition of the Cape of Tempests, in sublimity and awful grandeur of imagination, stands unsurpassed in human composition. Even Voltaire and the foreign critics have confessed its merit. The description of the spectre, the awfulness of the prediction, and the horror that breathes through the whole, till the phantom is interrupted by Gama, are in the true spirit of the wild and grand terrific of Homer or Shakspeare. The circumstances of its disappearance are in the same poetical spirit of the introduction. To suppose this spectre the Spirit of that huge promontory the Cape of Tempests, which by night makes its awful appearance to the fleet of Gama, while wandering in an unknown ocean, is a noble flight of imagination, and an instance that Camoens possessed that enthusiastic heat of spontaneous conception, which the ancients honoured with the name of inspiration.

The frighten'd billows gave a rolling swell,
And distant far prolong'd the dismal yell;
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud dispersing leaves the sky.
High to the angel host, whose guardian care
Had ever round us watch'd, my hands I rear,
And heaven's dread king implore, As o'er our
head

The fiend dissolved, an empty shadow fled ;
So may his curses by the winds of heaven
Far o'er the deep, their idle sport, be driven !

With sacred horror thrill'd, Melinda's Lord
Held up the eager hand, and caught the word,
Oh wondrous faith of ancient days, he cries,
Conceal'd in mystic lore, and dark disguise!
Taught by their sires, our hoary fathers tell,
On these rude shores a giant spectre fell,
What time from heaven the rebel band were thrown:
And oft the wandering swain has heard his moan.
While o'er the wave the clouded moon appears
To hide her weeping face, his voice he rears

O'er the wild storm. Deep in the days of yore
A holy pilgrim trod the nightly shore;
Stern groans he heard; by ghostly spells controll'd,
His fate, mysterious, thus the spectre told:

By forceful Titan's warm embrace comprest
The rock-ribb'd mother Earth his love confest;
The hundred-handed Giant at a birth
And Me she bore: nor slept my hopes on earth:
My heart avow'd my sire's ethereal flame;
Great Adamastor then my dreaded name.
In my bold brothers' glorious toils engaged,
Tremendous war against the gods I waged:
Yet not to reach the throne of heaven I try,
With mountain piled on mountain to the sky;
To me the conquest of the seas befel,
In his green realm the second Jove to quell.
Nor did ambition all my passions hold,
'Twas love that prompted an attempt so bold.
Ah me, one summer in the cool of day
I saw the Nereids on the sandy bay
With lovely Thetis from the wave advance
In mirthful frolic, and the naked dance.

In all her charms reveal'd the goddess trode;
With fiercest fires my struggling bosom glow'd;
Yet, yet I feel them burning in my heart,
And hopeless languish with the raging smart.
For her, each goddess of the heavens I scorn'd,
For her alone my fervent ardour burn'd.
In vain I woo'd her to the lover's bed;
From my grim form with horror mute she fled.
Mad'ning with love, by force I ween to gain
The silver goddess of the blue domain:
To the hoar mother of the Nereid band
I tell my purpose, and her aid command:
By fear impell'd, old Doris tries to move,
And win the spouse of Peleus to my love.
The silver goddess with a smile replies,
What nymph can yield her charms a giant's prize!
Yet from the horrors of a war to save,
And guard in peace our empire of the wave,
Whate'er with honour he may hope to gain,
That let him hope his wish shall soon attain.
The promised grace infused a bolder fire,
And shook my mighty limbs with fierce desire.

But ah, what error spreads its dreamful might,
What phantoms hover o'er the lover's sight!
The war resign'd, my steps by Doris led,
While gentle eve her shadowy mantle spread,
Before my steps the snowy Thetis shone
In all her charms, all naked, and alone.
Swift as the wind with open arms I sprung,
And round her waist with joy delirious clung:
In all the transports of the warm embrace,
An hundred kisses on her angel face,
On all its various charms my rage bestows,
And on her cheek my cheek enraptured glows.
When, oh, what anguish while my shame I tell!
What fixt despair, what rage my bosom swell!
Here was no goddess, here no heavenly charms,
A rugged mountain fill'd my eager arms,
Whose rocky top o'erhung with matted brier,
Received the kisses of my amorous fire.
Waked from my dream cold horror freezed my blood;
Fixt as a rock before the rock I stood;
O fairest goddess of the ocean train,
Behold the triumph of thy proud disdain!

Yet why, I cried, with all I wish'd decoy,
And when exulting in the dream of joy,
An horrid mountain to mine arms convey!—
Mad'ning I spoke, and furious sprung away.
Far to the south I sought the world unknown,
Where I unheard, unscorn'd, might wail alone,
My foul dishonour, and my tears to hide,
And shun the triumph of the goddess' pride.
My brothers now by Jove's red arm o'erthrown,
Beneath huge mountains piled on mountains groan;
And I, who taught each echo to deplore,
And tell my sorrows to the desert shore,
I felt the hand of Jove my crimes pursue;
My stiffening flesh to earthy ridges grew,
And my huge bones, no more by marrow warm'd,
To horrid piles and ribs of rock transformed,
Yon dark-brow'd cape of monstrous size became,
Where round me still, in triumph o'er my shame,
The silvery Thetis bids her surges roar,
And waft my groans along the dreary shore*.

* The machinery of Camoens, as already observed, is allego-

Melinda's monarch thus the tale pursued
Of ancient faith; and Gama thus renew'd—
Now from the wave the chariot of the day
Whirl'd by the fiery coursers springs away,
When full in view the giant Cape appears,
Wide spreads its limbs, and high its shoulders rears;
Behind us now it curves the bending side,
And our bold vessels plough the eastern tide.

rical: To establish Christianity in the East, is expressly said in the *Lusiad* to be the great purpose of the Hero. By Bacchus, the demon who opposes the expedition, the genius of Mohammedanism must of consequence be understood: and accordingly, in the eighth book, the Evil Spirit and Bacchus are mentioned as the same personage; where, in the figure of Mohammed, he appears in a dream to a Mohammedan priest. In like manner by Adamastor, the genius of Mohammedanism must be supposed to be meant. The Moors who professed that religion, were, till the arrival of Gama, the sole navigators of the eastern seas, and by every exertion of force and fraud, they endeavoured to prevent the settlements of the Christians. As Camoens has assured us that he did allegorise, one need not hesitate to affirm, that the amour of Adamastor is an instance of it. By Thetis is figured Renown, or true Glory, by the fierce passion of the giant, the fierce rage of ambition, and by the rugged mountain that filled his deluded arms, the infamy acquired by the brutal conqueror Mohammed. The hint of this last circumstance is adopted from *Castera*.

Nor long excursive off at sea we stand,
A cultured shore invites us to the land.
Here their sweet scenes the rural joys bestow,
And give our wearied minds a lively glow.
The tenants of the coast, a festive band,
With dances meet us on the yellow sand;
Their brides on slow-paced oxen rode behind;
The spreading horns with flowery garlands twined,
Bespoke the dew-lapt beeves their proudest boast,
Of all their bestial store the valued most.
By turns the husbands and the brides prolong
The various measures of the rural song.
Now to the dance the rustic reeds resound;
The dancers' heels light-quivering beat the ground;
And now the lambs around them bleating stray,
Feed from their hands, or round them frisking play.
Methought I saw the silvan reign of Pan,
And heard the music of the Mantuan swan—
With smiles we hail them, and with joy behold
The blissful manners of the age of gold.
With that mild kindness, by their looks display'd,
Fresh stores they bring, with cloth of red repaid:

Yet from their lips no word we knew could flow,
Nor sign of India's strand their hands bestow.
Fair blow the winds; again with sails unfurl'd
We dare the main, and seek the eastern world.
Now round black Afric's coast our navy veer'd,
And to the world's mid circle northward steer'd:
The southern pole low to the wave declined,
We leave the isle of Holy Cross* behind;
That isle where erst a Lusian, when he past
The tempest-beaten Cape, his anchors cast,
And own'd his proud ambition to explore
The kingdoms of the morn, could dare no more.
From thence, still on, our daring course we hold
Through trackless gulphs, whose billows never roll'd
Around the vessel's pitchy sides before; [roar,
Through trackless gulphs, where mountain surges
For many a night, when not a star appear'd,
Nor infant moon's dim horns the darkness cheer'd;

* *We leave the isle of Holy Cross*—A small island, named *Santa Cruz* by Bartholomew Diaz, who discovered it. According to *Faria y Sousa* he went twenty-five leagues farther, to the river *del Infante*, which, till passed by Gama, was the utmost extent of the Portuguese discoveries.

For many a dreary night, and cheerless day,
In calms now fetter'd, now the whirlwind's play,
By ardent hope still fired, we forced our dreadful
Now smooth as glass the shining waters lie, [way.
No cloud slow moving sails the azure sky;
Slack from their height the sails unmoved decline,
The airy streamers form the downward line;
No gentle quiver owns the gentle gale,
Nor gentlest swell distends the ready sail;
Fixt as in ice the slumbering prows remain,
And silence wide extends her solemn reign.
Now to the waves the bursting clouds descend,
And heaven and sea in meeting tempests blend;
The black-wing'd whirlwinds o'er the ocean sweep,
And from his bottom roars the staggering deep.
Driven by the yelling blast's impetuous sway
Staggering we bound, yet onward bound away.
And now escaped the fury of the storm,
New danger threatens in a various form;
Though fresh the breeze the swelling canvass swell'd,
A current's headlong sweep* our prows withheld:

* *A current's headlong sweep*—It was the force of this rushing

The rapid force imprest on every keel,
Backward, o'erpower'd, our rolling vessels reel:
When from their southern caves the winds, enraged
In horrid conflict with the waves engaged;
Beneath the tempest groans each loaded mast,
And o'er the rushing tide our bounding navy past.

Now shined the sacred morn, when from the
East

Three kings the holy cradled Babe addrest,
And hailed him Lord of heaven: that festive day
We drop our anchors in an opening bay;
The river from the sacred day we name,
And stores, the wandering seaman's right, we claim.
Stores we received; our dearest hope in vain;
No word they utter'd could our ears retain;
Nought to reward our search for India's sound,
By word or sign our ardent wishes crown'd.

current which retarded the farther discoveries of Diaz. Gama got over it by the assistance of a tempest. It runs between Cape Corrientes, and the south west of Madagascar. It is now easily avoided.

Behold, O King, how many a shore we try'd!
How many a fierce barbarian's rage defy'd!
Yet still in vain for India's shore we try,
The long-sought shores our anxious search defy.
Beneath new heavens, where not a star we knew,
Through changing climes, where poison'd air we
drew;

Wandering new seas, in gulphs unknown, forlorn,
By labour weaken'd, and by famine worn;
Our food corrupted, pregnant with disease,
And pestilence on each expected breeze;
Not even a gleam of hope's delusive ray
To lead us onward through the devious way;
That kind delusion which full oft has cheer'd
The bravest minds, till glad success appear'd;
Worn as we were each night with dreary care,
Each day with danger that increased despair,
Oh! Monarch, judge, what less than Lusian fire
Could still the hopeless scorn of fate inspire!
What less, O King, than Lusian faith withstand,
When dire despair and famine gave command

Their chief to murder, and with lawless power
Sweep Afric's seas, and every coast devour!
What more than Men in wild despair still bold!
These more than Men * in these my band behold!
Sacred to death, by death alone subdued,
These all the rage of fierce despair withstood;
Firm to their faith, though fondest hope no more
Could give the promise of their native shore!

* *These more than men*—It had been extremely impolitic in Gama to mention the mutiny of his followers to the king of Melinda. The boast of their loyalty besides, has a good effect in the poem, as it elevates the heroes, and gives uniformity to the character of bravery, which the dignity of the Epopœia required to be ascribed to them. History relates the matter differently. In standing for the Cape of Good Hope, Gama gave the highest proofs of his resolution, "*In illo autem cursu valde Gamæ virtus enituit.*" The fleet seemed now tossed to the clouds, *ut modo nubes contingere*, and now sunk to the lowest whirlpools of the abyss. The winds were insufferably cold, and to the rage of the tempest was added the horror of an almost continual darkness. The crew expected every moment to be swallowed up in the deep. At every interval of the storm, they came round Gama, asserting the impossibility to proceed further, and imploring to return. But this he absolutely refused. See the History of the Discovery of India.

Now the sweet waters of the stream we leave,
And the salt waves our gliding prows receive;
Here to the left, between the bending shores,
Torn by the winds the whirling billow roars,
And boiling raves against the sounding coast,
Whose mines of gold Sofala's merchants boast:
Full to the gulph the showery south-winds howl,
Aslant against the wind our vessels roll:
Far from the land, wide o'er the ocean driven,
Our helms resigning to the care of heaven,
By hope and fear's keen passions tost, we roam,
When our glad eyes beheld the surges foam
Against the beacons of a cultured bay,
Where sloops and barges cut the watery way.
The river's opening breast some upward ply'd,
And some came gliding down the sweepy tide.
Quick throbs of transport heaved in every heart
To view the knowledge of the seaman's art;
For here we hoped our ardent wish to gain,
To hear of India's strand, nor hoped in vain.
Though Ethiopia's sable hue they bore
No look of wild surprise the natives wore:

Wide o'er their heads the cotton turban swell'd,
And cloth of blue the decent loins conceal'd.
Their speech, though rude and dissonant of sound,
Their speech a mixture of Arabian own'd.
Fernando, skill'd in all the copious store
Of fair Arabia's speech and flowery lore,
In joyful converse heard the pleasing tale,
That o'er these seas full oft the frequent sail,
And lordly vessels, tall as ours, appear'd,
Which to the regions of the morning steer'd,
And back returning to the southmost land,
Convey'd the treasures of the Indian strand;
Whose cheerful crews, resembling ours, display
The kindred face* and colour of the day.
Elate with joy we raise the glad acclaim,
And, River of Good Signs†, the port we name:
Then, sacred to the angel guide, who led
The young Tobiah to the spousal bed,

* *The kindred face*—Gama and his followers were at several ports, on their first arrival in the East, thought to be Moors. See the note, p. 31, vol. 1.

† *Rio dos bons sinais*.

And safe return'd him through the perilous way,
We rear a column* on the friendly bay.

Our keels, that now had steer'd through many a
clime,
By shell-fish roughen'd, and incased with slime,
Joyful we clean, while bleating from the field
The fleecy dams the smiling natives yield:
But while each face an honest welcome shews,
And big with sprightly hope each bosom glows,
(Alas! how vain the bloom of human joy!
How soon the blasts of woe that bloom destroy!)
A dread disease its rankling horrors shed,
And death's dire ravage through mine army spread.
Never mine eyes such dreary sight beheld,
Ghastly the mouth and gums enormous swell'd†;

* *We rear a column*—It was the custom of the Portuguese navigators to erect crosses on the shores of the new-discovered countries. Gama carried materials for pillars of stone along with him, and erected six of these crosses during his expedition. They bore the name and arms of the king of Portugal, and were intended as proofs of the title which accrues from the first discovery.

† *Ghastly the mouth and gums enormous swell'd*—This poetical

And instant, putrid like a dead man's wound,
Poisoned with foetid steams the air around.
No sage physician's ever-watchful zeal,
No skilful surgeon's gentle hand to heal,
Were found: each dreary mournful hour we gave
Some brave companion to a foreign grave:
A grave, the awful gift of every shore!
Alas! what weary toils with us they bore!
Long, long endear'd by fellowship in woe,
O'er their cold dust we give the tears to flow;
And in their hapless lot forbode our own,
A foreign burial, and a grave unknown!

Now deeply yearning o'er our deathful fate,
With joyful hope of India's shore elate,
We loose the haulsers and the sail expand,
And upward coast the Ethiopian strand.
What danger threaten'd at Quiloa's isle,
Mozambic's treason, and Mombassa's guile;

description of the Scurvy is by no means exaggerated above what sometimes really happens in the course of a long voyage, and in an unhealthful climate, to which the constitution is un-habituated.

What miracles kind heaven, our guardian, wrought,
Loud Fame already to thine ears has brought:
Kind heaven again that guardian care display'd,
And to thy port our weary fleet convey'd,
Where thou, O king, heaven's regent power below,
Bidst thy full bounty and thy truth to flow:
Health to the sick, and to the weary rest,
And sprightly hope revived in every breast,
Proclaim thy gifts, with grateful joy repaid,
The brave man's tribute for the brave man's aid.
And now in honour of thy fond command,
The glorious annals of my native land;
And what the perils of a rout so bold,
So dread as ours, my faithful lips have told.
Then judge, great Monarch, if the world before
Ere saw the prow such length of seas explore!
Nor sage Ulysses, nor the Trojan pride *,
Such raging gulphs, such whirling storms defy'd;

* *Nor sage Ulysses, nor the Trojan pride*—Voltaire observes, that Camoens almost continually falls into the greatest extravagancies, and peculiarly unhappy is the instance which he immediately gives: "I remember," says he, "Vasco de Gama

Nor one poor tenth of my dread course explored,
Though by the Muse as demigods adored.

O thou whose breast all Helicon inflamed,
Whose birth seven vaunting cities proudly claim'd;
And thou whose mellow lute and rural song,
In softest flow, led Mincio's waves along;
Whose warlike numbers as a storm impell'd,
And Tyber's surges o'er his borders swell'd;
Let all Parnassus lend creative fire,
And all the Nine with all their warmth inspire;
Your demigods conduct through every scene
Cold fear can paint, or wildest fancy feign;
The Syren's guileful lay, dire Circe's spell,
And all the horrors of the Cyclop's cell;

says to the king of Melinda, O King, judge if Ulysses and Eneas have travelled so far, and undergone so many hardships: as if that barbarous African was acquainted with Homer and Virgil." In addition to what is said of the Melindeans at the end of Book 2, it is necessary here to observe, that this Prince, whom Voltaire is pleased to call a barbarous African, had sufficient opportunity of being acquainted with Homer, for the writings of that Poet are translated into the Syriac, in a dialect which the interpreters of Gama talked with the Prince of Melinda.

Bid Scylla's barking waves their mates o'erwhelm,
 And hurl the guardian Pilot from the helm *;
 Give sails and oars to fly the purple shore †,
 Where love of absent friend awakes no more;

* *And hurl the guardian pilot from the helm*—See *Æn.* V. 832.

† *The purple shore*—The Lotophagi, so named from the plant Lotus, are thus described by Homer :

Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest,
 They eat, they drink, and Nature gives the feast;
 The trees around them all their fruit produce;
 Lotos the name; divine, nectareous juice;
 (Thence called Lotophagi) which whoso tastes,
 Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts,
 Nor other home nor other care intends,
 But quits his house, his country, and his friends:
 The three we sent, from off th' enchanting ground
 We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:
 The rest in haste forsook the pleasing shore,
 Or, the charm tasted, had return'd no more.

POPE, *Odyss.* ix.

The natural history of the Lotos, however, is very different. There are various kinds of it. The Lybian Lotos is a shrub like a bramble, the berries like the myrtle, but purple when ripe, and about the bigness of an olive. Mixed with bread-corn it was used as food for slaves. They also made an agreeable wine of it, but which would not keep above ten days. See Pope's note *in loco*.

In all their charms display Calypso's smiles,
 Her flowery arbours and her amorous wiles;
 In skins confined the blustering winds control*,
 Or o'er the feast bid loathsome harpies prowl†;
 And lead your heroes through the dread abodes
 Of tortured spectres‡ and infernal gods;

* *In skins confin'd the blustering winds control*—The gift of Æolus to Ulysses.

The adverse winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
 Compress'd their force, and lock'd each struggling blast:
 For him the mighty sire of gods assign'd,
 The tempest's lord, the tyrant of the wind;
 His word alone the list'ning storms obey,
 To smooth the deep, or swell the foamy sea.
 These in my hollow ship the monarch hung,
 Securely fetter'd by a silver thong;
 But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
 He charg'd to fill, and guide the swelling sails:
 Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails.

POPE, *Odyss.* x.

The companions of Ulysses imagined that these bags contained some valuable treasure, and opened them while their leader slept. The tempests bursting out drove the fleet from Ithaca, which was then in sight, and was the cause of a new train of miseries.

† ———*harpies prowl*—See the third Æneid.

‡ *Of tortur'd spectres*—See the sixth Æneid, and the eleventh Odyssey.

Give every flower that decks Aonia's hill
To grace your fables with divinest skill;
Beneath the wonders of my tale they fall,
Where truth all unadorn'd and pure exceeds them all.

While thus illustrious GAMA charm'd their ears,
The look of wonder each Melindian wears,
And pleased attention witness'd the command
Of every movement of his lips or hand.
The king enraptured own'd the glorious fame
Of Lisboa's monarchs, and the Lusian name;
What warlike rage the victor-kings inspired,
Nor less their warriors loyal faith admired.
Nor less his menial train, in wonder lost,
Repeat the gallant deeds that please them most,
Each to his mate; while fixed in fond amaze
The Lusian features every eye surveys;
While present to the view, by Fancy brought,
Arise the wonders by the Lusians wrought;
And each bold feature to their wondering sight
Displays the raptured ardour of the fight.

Apollo now withdrew the cheerful day,
And left the western sky to twilight grey;
Beneath the wave he sought fair Thetis' bed,
And to the shore Melinda's sovereign sped.

What boundless joys are thine, O just Renown,
Thou hope of Virtue, and her noblest crown;
By thee the seeds of conscious worth are fired,
Hero by hero, fame by fame inspired:
Without thine aid how soon the hero dies!
By thee upborne his name ascends the skies.
This Ammon knew, and own'd his Homer's lyre
The noblest glory of Pelides' ire.
This knew Augustus, and from Mantua's shade
To courtly ease the Roman bard convey'd;
And soon exulting flow'd the song divine,
The noblest glory of the Roman line.
Dear was the Muse to Julius: ever dear
To Scipio; though the ponderous conquering spear
Roughen'd his hand, th' immortal pen he knew,
And to the tented field the gentle Muses drew.

Each glorious chief of Greek or Latian line
Or barbarous race, adorn'd th' Aonian shrine ;
Each glorious name, e'er to the Muse endear'd,
Or wooed the Muses, or the Muse revered.
Alas, on Tago's hapless shores alone
The Muse is slighted, and her charms unknown ;
For this, no Virgil here attunes the lyre,
No Homer here awakes the hero's fire.
On Tago's shores are Scipios, Cæsars born,
And Alexanders Lisboa's clime adorn.
But heaven has stampt them in a rougher mould,
Nor gave the polish to their genuine gold.
Careless and rude or to be known or know,
In vain to them the sweetest numbers flow ;
Unheard, in vain their native poet sings,
And cold neglect weighs down the Muse's wings.
Even he whose veins* the blood of GAMA warms,
Walks by, unconscious of the Muse's charms :
For him no Muse shall leave her golden loom,
No palm shall blossom, and no wreath shall bloom ;

* *Even he whose veins*—Don Fran. de Gama, grandson of the hero of the *Lusiad*. For his insignificant and worthless character, see the life of Camoens.

Yet shall my labours and my cares be paid
By fame immortal, and by GAMA's shade :
Him shall the song on every shore proclaim,
The first of heroes, first of naval fame.
Rude and ungrateful though my country be,
This proud example shall be taught by Me,
“ Where'er the hero's worth demands the skies,
To crown that worth some generous bard shall rise*.”

* Aristotle has pronounced, that the works of Homer contain the perfect model of the epic poem. Homer never gives us any digressive declamation spoken in the person of the poet, or interruptive of the thread of his narration. For this reason Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindness has been censured as a violation of the rules of the *Epopœia*. But it may be presumed there is an appeal beyond the writings of Homer, an appeal to the reason of these rules. When Homer laid the plan of his works, he felt that to write a poem like an history, whose parts had no necessary dependence and connexion with each other, must be uninteresting and tiresome to the reader of real genius. The unity of one action adorned with proper collateral episodes therefore presented itself in its progressive dependencies of beginning, middle, and end; or in other words, a description of certain circumstances, the actions which these produce, and the catastrophe. This unity of conduct, as most interesting, is indispensably necessary to the epic poem. But it does not follow, that a declamation in the person of the poet, at the beginning or end of a book, is properly a breach of the

unity of the conduct of the action: the omission therefore of such declamations by Homer, as not founded on the nature of the epic poem, is no argument against the use of them. If this however will not be allowed by the critic, let the critic remember, that Homer has many digressive histories, which have no dependence on, or connexion with the action of the poem. If the declamation of Camoens in praise of Poetry must be condemned, what defence can be offered for the long story of Maron's wine in the ninth Odyssey, to which even the numbers of a Pope could give no dignity! Yet however a *Bossu* or a *Rapin* may condemn the digressive exclamations of Camoens, the reader of taste, who judges from what he feels, would certainly be unwilling to have them expunged. The declamation with which he concludes the seventh *Lusiad*, must please, must touch every breast. The feelings of a great spirit in the evening of an active and military life, sinking under the pressure of neglect and dependence, yet the complaint expressed with the most manly resentment, cannot fail to interest the generous, and if adorned with the dress of poetry, to plead an excuse for its admission with the man of taste. The declamation which concludes the present book, has also some arguments to offer in its defence. As the fleet of Gama have now safely conquered many difficulties, and are promised a pilot to conduct them to India, it is a proper contrast to the murmurings of the populace, expressed by the old Man, at the end of the fourth *Lusiad*, and is by no means an improper conclusion to the episode which so highly extols the military fame of the Lusian warriors.

unity of the conduct of the action: the poetical therefore of such declamations by Homer, as not founded on the nature of the epic poem, is no argument against the use of them. If this however will not be allowed by the critic, let the criticism be, that Homer has many dramatic histories, which have no dependence on, or connection with the action of the poem. If the declamation of Calchides in praise of Poetry must be condemned, what defence can be offered for the long story of Menelaus' wife in the *Odyssey*, to which even the numbers of a Pope could give no dignity? Yet however a fault of a Pope may condemn the *Odyssey*, the *Odyssey* of Calchides, the reader of taste, who judges from what he feels, would certainly be unwilling to have them rejected. The declamation with which he concludes the seventh Iliad, must please, must touch every breast. The feelings of a great spirit in the evening of an active and illustrious life, sinking under the pressure of old age and dependence, yet the complaint expressed with the most manly sentiment, cannot fail to interest the generous, and if mixed with the hints of poetry, to please all. The declamation of Calchides with the man of taste. The declamation which concludes the present book, has also some arguments to offer in its defence. The first of Calchides now easily occurred many difficulties, and at a moment's reflection, none of them to hinder, it is a proper contrast to the manner of the poetical, expressed by the old *Iliad*, at the end of the fourth Iliad, and is of no means an improper conclusion to the episode which so highly extols the military fame of the Trojan warriors.

THE
LUSIAD.

BOOK VI.

WITH heart sincere the royal Pagan joy'd,
And hospitable rites each hour employ'd;
For much the king the Lusian band admired,
And much their friendship and their aid desired;
Each hour the gay festivity prolongs,
Melindian dances, and Arabian songs;
Each hour in mirthful transport steals away,
By night the banquet, and the chase by day:
And now the bosom of the deep invites,
And all the pride of Neptune's festive rites;
Their silken banners waving o'er the tide,
A jovial band, the painted galleys ride;

The net and angle various hands employ,
And Moorish timbrels sound the notes of joy.
Such was the pomp, when Egypt's beauteous queen
Bade all the pride of naval shew convene,
In pleasure's downy bosom to beguile
Her love-sick warrior: o'er the breast of Nile
Dazzling with gold the purple ensigns flow'd,
And to the lute the gilded barges row'd,
While from the wave, of many a shining hue,
The anglers' lines the panting fishes drew.

Now from the West the sounding breezes blow,
And far the hoary flood was yet to plough:
The fountain and the field bestow'd their store,
And friendly pilots from the friendly shore,
Train'd in the Indian deep, were now aboard,
When Gama, parting from Melinda's lord,
The holy vows of lasting peace renew'd,
For still the king for lasting friendship sued;
That Lusus' heroes in his port supplied,
And tasted rest, he own'd his dearest pride,
And vow'd that ever while the seas they roam,
The Lusian fleets should find a bounteous home,

And ever from the generous shore receive
Whate'er his port, whate'er his land could give *.
Nor less his joy the grateful Chief declared;
And now to seize the valued hours prepared.
Full to the wind the swelling sails he gave,
And his red prows divide the foamy wave:
Full to the rising sun the pilot steers,
And far from shore through middle ocean bears.
The vaulted sky now widens o'er their heads,
Where first the infant morn his radiance sheds.
And now with transport sparkling in his eyes
Keen to behold the Indian mountains rise,
High on the decks each Lusian hero smiles,
And proudly in his thoughts reviews his toils.
When the stern Dæmon, burning with disdain,
Beheld the fleet triumphant plough the main:
The Powers of heaven, and heaven's dread Lord he
Resolved in Lisboa glorious to renew [knew,
The Roman honours—raging with despair
From high Olympus' brow he cleaves the air,

* ——— *whate'er his land could give*—The friendship of the Portuguese and Melindians was of long continuance.

On earth new hopes of vengeance to devise,
And sue that aid deny'd him in the skies:
Blaspheming heaven, he pierced the dread abode
Of ocean's Lord, and sought the ocean's God.
Deep where the bases of the hills extend,
And earth's huge ribs of rock enormous bend,
Where roaring through the caverns roll the waves
Responsive as the aërial tempest raves,
The ocean's Monarch, by the Nereid train,
And watery Gods encircled, holds his reign.
Wide o'er the deep, which line could ne'er explore,
Shining with hoary sands of silver ore,
Extends the level, where the palace rears
Its crystal towers, and emulates the spheres;
So starry bright the lofty turrets blaze,
And vie in lustre with the diamond's rays.
Adorn'd with pillars and with roofs of gold,
The golden gates their massy leaves unfold:
Inwrought with pearl the lordly pillars shine;
The sculptured walls confess an hand divine.
Here various colours in confusion lost,
Old Chaos' face and troubled image boast.

Here rising from the mass; distinct and clear,
Apart the four fair Elements appear.
High o'er the rest ascends the blaze of fire,
Nor fed by matter did the rays aspire,
But glow'd ethereal, as the living flame,
Which, stolen from heaven, inspired the vital frame.
Next, all-embracing Air was spread around,
Thin as the light, incapable of wound;
The subtle power the burning south pervades,
And penetrates the depth of polar shades.
Here mother Earth, with mountains crown'd, is seen,
Her trees in blossom, and her lawns in green;
The lowing beeves adorn the clover vales,
The fleecy dams bespread the sloping dales;
Here land from land the silver streams divide;
The sportive fishes through the crystal tide,
Bedropt with gold their shining sides display:
And here old Ocean rolls his billows gray;
Beneath the moon's pale orb his current flows,
And round the earth his giant arms he throws.
Another scene display'd the dread alarms
Of war in heaven, and mighty Jove in arms:

Here Titan's race their swelling nerves distend
Like knotted oaks, and from their bases rend
And tower the mountains to the thundering sky,
While round their heads the forky lightnings fly :
Beneath huge Ætna vanquish'd Typhon lies,
And vomits smoke and fire against the darken'd skies.
Here seems the pictured wall possess'd of life ;
Two Gods contending in the noble strife,
The choicest boon to human kind to give,
Their toils to lighten, or their wants relieve* :

* *Their wants relieve*—According to fable, Neptune and Minerva disputed the honour of giving a name to the city of Athens. They agreed to determine the contest by a display of their wisdom and power, in conferring the most beneficial gift on mankind. Neptune struck the earth with his trident and produced the horse, whose bounding motions are emblematical of the agitation of the sea. Minerva commanded the olive tree, the symbol of peace and of riches, to spring forth. The victory was adjudged to the goddess, from whom the city was named Athens. As the Egyptians and Mexicans wrote their history in hieroglyphics, the taste of the ancient Grecians clothed almost every occurrence in mythological allegory. The founders of Athens, it is most probable, disputed whether their new city should be named from the fertility of the soil or from the marine situation of Attica. The former opinion prevailed, and the town received its name in honour of the goddess of the olive tree.

While Pallas here appears to wave her hand*,
The peaceful olive's silver boughs expand:
Here, while the Ocean's God indignant frown'd,
And raised his trident from the wounded ground,
As yet intangled in the earth appears
The warrior-horse, his ample chest he rears,
His wide red nostrils smoke, his eye-balls glare,
And his fore-hoofs, high pawing, smite the air.

Though wide and various o'er the sculptured stone
The feats of Gods, and godlike heroes shone,
On speed the vengeful Dæmon views no more:
Forward he rushes through the golden door,
Where Ocean's king, enclosed with nymphs divine,
In regal state receives the king of Wine:
O Neptune! instant as he came, he cries,
Here let my presence wake no cold surprise,

* *While Pallas here appears to wave her hand*—As Neptune struck the earth with his trident, Minerva, says the fable, struck the earth with her lance. That she waved her hand while the olive boughs spread, is a fine poetical attitude, and varies the picture from that of Neptune, which follows it.

A friend I come, your friendship to implore
Against the Fates unjust, and Fortune's power;
Beneath whose shafts the great Celestials bow,
Yet ere I more, if more you wish to know,
The watery Gods in awful senate call,
For all should hear the wrong that touches all.
Neptune alarm'd, with instant speed commands
From every shore to call the watery bands:
Triton, who boasts his high Neptunian race,
Sprung from the God by Salace's embrace*,

* *Sprung from the God by Salace's embrace*—His parentage is differently related. Hesiod makes him the son of Neptune and Amphitrité. By Triton, in the physical sense of the fable, is meant the noise, and by Salacé, the mother by some ascribed to him, the salt of the ocean. The origin of the fable of Triton, it is probable, was founded on the appearance of a sea animal, which, according to some ancient and modern Naturalists, in the upward parts resembles the human figure. Pausanias relates a wonderful story of a monstrously large one, which often came ashore on the meadows of Boetia. Over his head was a kind of finny cartilage, which, at a distance, appeared like hair, the body covered with brown scales; and nose and ears like the human, the mouth of a dreadful width, jagged with teeth like those of a panther; the eyes of a greenish hue; the hands divided into fingers, the nails of

Attendant on his sire the trumpet sounds,
Or through the yielding waves, his herald, bounds;
Huge is his bulk deform'd, and dark his hue;
His bushy beard and hairs that never knew
The smoothing comb, of sea-weed rank and long,
Around his breast and shoulders dangling hung,
And on the matted locks black muscles clung;
A shell of purple on his head he bore,
Around his loins no tangling garb he wore,
But all was cover'd with the slimy brood,
The snaily offspring of the unctuous flood.
And now obedient to his dreadful sire,
High o'er the wave his brawny arms aspire;
To his black mouth his crooked shell applied,
The blast rebellows o'er the ocean wide:

which were crooked, and of a shelly substance. This monster, whose extremities ended in a tail like a dolphin's, devoured both men and beasts as they chanced in his way. The citizens of Tanagra, at last, contrived his destruction. They set a large vessel full of wine on the sea shore. Triton got drunk with it, and fell into a profound sleep, in which condition the Tanagrians beheaded him, and afterwards, with great propriety, hung up his body in the temple of Bacchus; where, says Pausanias, it continued a long time.

Wide o'er their shores, where'er their waters flow,
The watery Powers the awful summons know;
And instant darting to the palace hall,
Attend the founder of the Dardan wall*.
Old father Ocean, with his numerous race
Of daughters and of sons, was first in place.
Nereus and Doris, from whose nuptials sprung
The lovely Nereid train for ever young,
Who people every sea on every strand
Appear'd, attended with their filial band;
And changeful Proteus, whose prophetic mind†
The secret cause of Bacchus' rage divined,
Attending, left the flocks, his scaly charge,
To graze the bitter weedy foam at large.
In charms of power the raging waves to tame,
The lovely spouse of Ocean's sovereign came‡:
From Heaven and Vesta sprung the birth divine;
Her snowy limbs bright through the vestments shine.

* Neptune.

† *And changeful Proteus, whose prophetic mind*—The fullest and best account of the fable of Proteus is in the fourth Odyssey.

‡ Thetis.

Here with the dolphin, who persuasive led
 Her modest steps to Neptune's spousal bed,
 Fair Amphitrité moved, more sweet, more gay,
 Than vernal fragrance and the flowers of May;
 Together with her sister spouse she came,
 The same their wedded Lord, their love the same;
 The same the brightness of their sparkling eyes,
 Bright as the sun and azure as the skies.
 She who the rage of Athamas to shun *
 Plunged in the billows with her infant son;
 A Goddess now, a God the smiling boy
 Together sped; and Glaucus lost to joy†,

* *She who the rage of Athamas to shun*—Ino, the daughter of Cadmus and Hermione, and second spouse of Athamas, king of Thebes. The fables of her fate are various. That which Camoens follows is the most common. Athamas, seized with madness, imagined that his spouse was a lioness, and her two sons young lions. In this frenzy he slew Learchus, and drove the mother and her other son Melicertus into the sea. The corpse of the mother was thrown ashore on Megaria, and that of the son at Corinth. They were afterwards deified, the one as a sea Goddess, the other as the God of harbours.

† ———*and Glaucus lost to joy*—A fisherman, says the fable, who, on eating a certain herb, was turned into a sea God. Circe was enamoured of him, and in revenge of her slighted

Curst in his love by vengeful Circe's hate,
Attending wept his Scylla's hapless fate.

And now assembled in the hall divine,
The ocean Gods in solemn council join;
The Goddesses on pearl embroidery sate,
The Gods on sparkling crystal chairs of state;
And proudly honour'd on the regal throne,
Beside the ocean's Lord, Thyoneus shone*.
High from the roof the living amber glows,
High from the roof the stream of glory flows,
And richer fragrance far around exhales
Than that which breathes on fair Arabia's gales.

love, poisoned the fountain where his mistress usually bathed. By the force of the enchantment the favoured Scylla was changed into an hideous monster, whose loins were surrounded with the ever barking heads of dogs and wolves. Scylla, on this, threw herself into the sea, and was metamorphosed into the rock which bears her name. The rock Scylla at a distance appears like the statue of a woman: the furious dashing of the waves in the cavities which are level with the water, resembles the barking of wolves and dogs. Hence the fable.

* Thyoneus, a name of Bacchus.

Attention now in listening silence waits:
The Power, whose bosom raged against the Fates,
Rising, casts round his vengeful eyes, while rage
Spread o'er his brows the wrinkled seams of age;
O thou, he cries, whose birthright sovereign sway,
From pole to pole, the raging waves obey;
Of human race 'tis thine to fix the bounds,
And fence the nations with thy watery mounds:
And thou, dread Power, O father Ocean, hear,
Thou, whose wide arms embrace the world's wide
'Tis thine the haughtiest victor to restrain, [sphere,
And bind each nation in its own domain:
And you, ye Gods, to whom the seas are given,
Your just partition with the Gods of heaven;
You who, of old unpunish'd never bore
The daring trespass of a foreign oar;
You who beheld, when Earth's dread offspring strove
To scale the vaulted sky, the seat of Jove:
Indignant Jove deep to the nether world
The rebel band in blazing thunders hurl'd.
Alas! the great monition lost on you,
Supine you slumber, while a roving crew,

With impious search, explore the watery way,
And unresisted through your empire stray:
To seize the sacred treasures of the main
Their fearless prows your ancient laws disdain:
Where far from mortal sight his hoary head
Old Ocean hides, their daring sails they spread,
And their glad shouts are echoed where the roar
Of mounting billows only howl'd before.
In wonder, silent, ready Boreas sees
Your passive languor, and neglectful ease;
Ready with force auxiliar to restrain
The bold intruders on your awful reign;
Prepared to burst his tempests, as of old,
When his black whirlwinds o'er the ocean roll'd,
And rent the Mynian sails*, whose impious pride
First braved their fury, and your power defied.
Nor deem that, fraudulent, I my hope deny;
My darken'd glory sped me from the sky.
How high my honours on the Indian shore!
How soon these honours must avail no more!

* *And rent the Mynian sails*—The sails of the Argonauts, inhabitants of Mynia.

Unless these rovers, who with doubled shame
To stain my conquests, bear my vassal's name*,
Unless they perish on the billowy way—
Then rouse, ye Gods, and vindicate your sway.
The Powers of heaven in vengeful anguish see
The Tyrant of the skies, and Fate's decree;
The dread decree, that to the Lusian train
Consigns, betrays your empire of the main:
Say, shall your wrong alarm the high abodes?
Are men exalted to the rank of gods,
O'er you exalted, while in careless ease
You yield the wrested trident of the seas,
Usurp'd your monarchy, your honours stained,
Your birth-right ravish'd, and your waves profaned!
Alike the daring wrong to me, to you,
And shall my lips in vain your vengeance sue!
This, this to sue from high Olympus bore—
More he attempts, but rage permits no more.
Fierce bursting wrath the watery gods inspires,
And their red eye-balls burn with livid fires:

* See the first note on the first book of the *Lusiad*.

Heaving and panting struggles every breast,
With the fierce billows of hot ire opprest.
Twice from his seat divining Proteus rose,
And twice he shook enraged his sedgy brows:
In vain; the mandate was already given,
From Neptune sent, to loose the winds of heaven:
In vain; though prophecy his lips inspired,
The ocean's queen his silent lips required.
Nor less the storm of headlong rage denies,
Or council to debate, or thought to rise.
And now the God of Tempests swift unbinds
From their dark caves the various rushing winds:
High o'er the storm the Power impetuous rides,
His howling voice the roaring tempest guides;
Right to the dauntless fleet their rage he pours,
And first their headlong outrage tears the shores;
A deeper night involves the darken'd air,
And livid flashes through the mountains glare:
Up-rooted oaks, with all their leafy pride,
Roll thundering down the groaning mountains' side;
And men and herds in clamorous uproar run,
The rocking towers and crashing woods to shun.

While thus the council of the watery state,
Enraged, decree the Lusian heroes' fate,
The weary fleet before the gentle gale
With joyful hope displayed the steady sail;
Through the smooth deep they plough'd the length-
ening way;
Beneath the wave the purple car of day
To sable night the eastern sky resign'd,
And o'er the decks cold breath'd the midnight wind.
All but the watch in warm pavilions slept;
The second watch the wonted vigils kept;
Supine their limbs, the mast supports the head,
And the broad yard-sail o'er their shoulders spread
A grateful cover from the chilly gale,
And sleep's soft dew's their heavy eyes assail.
Languid against the languid Power they strive,
And sweet discourse preserves their thoughts alive.
When Leonardo, whose enamoured thought
In every dream the plighted fair-one sought,
The dew's of sleep what better to remove
Than the soft, woeful, pleasing tales of love?

Ill timed, alas, the brave VELOSO cries,
The tales of love, that melt the heart and eyes.
The dear enchantments of the Fair I know,
The fearful transport and the rapturous woe:
But with our state ill suits the grief or joy;
Let war, let gallant war our thoughts employ:
With dangers threaten'd, let the tale inspire
The scorn of danger, and the hero's fire.
His mates with joy the brave VELOSO hear,
And on the youth the speaker's toil confer.
The brave VELOSO takes the word with joy,
And truth, he cries, shall these slow hours decoy.
The warlike tale adorns our nation's fame;
The twelve of England give the noble theme.

When Pedro's gallant heir, the valiant John,
Gave war's full splendour to the Lusian throne,
In haughty England, where the winter spreads
His snowy mantle o'er the shining meads,
The seeds of strife the fierce Erynnis sows;
The baleful strife from court dissension rose.

With every charm adorn'd, and every grace,
 That spreads its magic o'er the female face,
 Twelve ladies shined the courtly train among,
 The first, the fairest of the courtly throng:
 But Envy's breath reviled their injured name,
 And stain'd the honour of their virgin fame.
 Twelve youthful barons own'd the foul report,
 The charge at first, perhaps, a tale of sport.
 Ah, base the sport that lightly dares defame
 The sacred honour of a lady's name!
 What knighthood asks the proud accusers yield,
 And dare the damsels' champions to the field*.

* *What knighthood asks the proud accusers yield,*

And dare the damsels' champions to the field.—The translator has not been able to discover the slightest vestige of this chivalrous adventure in any memoirs of the English history. It is probable, nevertheless, that however adorned with romantic ornament, it is not entirely without foundation in truth. Castera, who unhappily does not cite his authority, gives the names of the twelve Portuguese champions. The names of the English champions and of the ladies, he confesses are unknown, nor does history positively explain the injury of which the dames complained. It must however, he adds, have been such as required the atonement of blood, since two sovereigns allowed to determine it by the sword.

“ There let the cause, as honour wills, be tried,
And let the lance and ruthless sword decide.”
The lovely dames implore the courtly train,
With tears implore them, but implore in vain:
So famed, so dreaded tower’d each boastful knight,
The damsels’ lovers shunn’d the proffer’d fight.
Of arm unable to repel the strong,
The heart’s each feeling conscious of the wrong,
When robb’d of all the female breast holds dear,
Ah heaven, how bitter flows the female tear!
To Lancaster’s bold duke the damsels sue;
Adown their cheeks, now paler than the hue
Of snowdrops trembling to the chilly gale,
The slow-paced crystal tears their wrongs bewail.
When down the beauteous face the dew-drop flows,
What manly bosom can its force oppose!
His hoary curls th’ indignant hero shakes,
And all his youthful rage restored awakes:
Though loth, he cries, to plunge my bold compeers
In civil discord, yet appease your tears:
From Lusitania—for on Lusian ground
Brave Lancaster had strode with laurel crown’d;

Had mark'd how bold the Lusian heroes shone,
What time he claim'd the proud Castilian throne*,
How matchless pour'd the tempest of their might,
When thundering at his side they ruled the fight:
Nor less their ardent passion for the fair,
Generous and brave, he view'd with wondering
care,

When crown'd with roses to the nuptial bed
The warlike John his lovely daughter led—
From Lusitania's clime, the hero cries,
The gallant champions of your fame shall rise:
Their hearts will burn, for well their hearts I know,
To pour your vengeance on the guilty foe.
Let courtly phrase the heroes' worth admire,
And for your injured names that worth require:

* *What time he claim'd the proud Castilian throne.*—John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, claimed the crown of Castile in the right of his wife Donna Constantia, daughter of Don Pedro, the late king. Assisted by his son-in-law, John I. of Portugal, he entered Galicia, and was proclaimed king of Castile at the city of St. Jago de Compostella. He afterwards relinquished his pretensions on the marriage of his daughter Catalina with the infant Don Henry of Castile. See the note, p. 97, vol. 2.

Let all the soft endearments of the fair,
And words that weep your wrongs, your wrongs
declare.

Myself the heralds to the chiefs will send,
And to the king, my valiant son, commend.
He spoke; and twelve of Lusian race he names,
All noble youths, the champions of the dames.
The dames by lot their gallant champions chuse,
And each her hero's name exulting views.
Each in a various letter hails her chief,
And earnest for his aid relates her grief:
Each to the king her courtly homage sends,
And valiant Lancaster their cause commends.
Soon as to Tagus' shores the heralds came,
Swift through the palace pours the sprightly flame
Of high-soul'd chivalry: the monarch glows
First on the listed field to dare the foes;
But regal state withheld. Alike their fires,
Each courtly noble to the toil aspires:
High on his helm, the envy of his peers,
Each chosen knight the plume of combat wears.

In that proud port half circled by the wave*,
Which Portugallia to the nation gave,
A deathless name, a speedy sloop receives
The sculptured bucklers, and the clasping greaves,
The swords of Ebro, spears of lofty size,
And breast-plates flaming with a thousand dyes,
Helmets high plumed, and, pawing for the fight,
Bold steeds, whose harness shone with silvery light
Dazzling the day. And now the rising gale
Invites the heroes, and demands the sail,
When brave Magricio thus his peers addrest,
Oh, friends in arms, of equal powers confest,
Long have I hoped through foreign climes to stray,
Where other streams than Douro wind their way;
To note what various shares of bliss and woe
From various laws and various customs flow.
Nor deem that, artful, I the fight decline;
England shall know the combat shall be mine,

* *In that proud port half circled by the wave,
Which Portugallia to the nation gave,
A deathless name—Oporto, called by the Romans Calle.
Hence Portugal.*

By land I speed, and should dark fate prevent,
For death alone shall blight my firm intent,
Small may the sorrow for my absence be,
For yours were conquest, though unshared by me.
Yet something more than human warms my breast,
And sudden whispers, In our fortunes blest,
Nor envious chance, nor rocks, nor whelmy tide,
Shall our glad meeting at the list divide.

He said; and now the rites of parting friends
Sufficed, through Leon and Casteel he bends.
On many a field enrapt the hero stood,
And the proud scenes of Lusian conquest viewed.
Navar he past, and past the dreary wild,
Where rocks on rocks o'er yawning glyns are piled;
The wolf's dread range, where to the evening skies
In clouds involved the cold Pyrenians rise.
Through Gallia's flowery vales and wheaten plains
He strays, and Belgia now his steps detains.
There, as forgetful of his vow'd intent,
In various cares the fleeting days he spent:

His peers the while direct to England's strand,
Plough'd the chill northern wave; and now at land,
Adorn'd in armour, and embroidery gay,
To lordly London hold the crowded way.
Bold Lancaster receives the knights with joy;
The feast and warlike song each hour employ.
The beauteous dames attending wake their fire,
With tears enrage them, and with smiles inspire.
And now with doubtful blushes rose the day,
Decreed the rites of wounded fame to pay.
The English monarch gives the listed bounds,
And, fixt in rank, with shining spears surrounds.
Before their dames the gallant knights advance,
Each like a Mars, and shake the beamy lance:
The dames, adorn'd in silk and gold, display
A thousand colours glittering to the day:
Alone in tears, and doleful mourning, came,
Unhonour'd by her knight, Magricio's dame.
Fear not our prowess, cry the bold Eleven,
In numbers, not in might, we stand uneven;
More could we spare, secure of dauntless might,
When for the injured female name we fight.

Beneath a canopy of regal state,
High on a throne the English monarch sate ;
All round, the ladies and the barons bold,
Shining in proud array, their stations hold.
Now o'er the theatre the champions pour,
And facing three to three, and four to four,
Flourish their arms in prelude. From the bay
Where flows the Tagus, to the Indian sea,
The sun beholds not in his annual race
A twelve more sightly, more of manly grace
Than tower'd the English knights. With frothing
Furious each steed the bit restrictive gnaws ; [jaws
And rearing to approach the rearing foe,
Their wavy manes are dash'd with foamy snow :
Cross-darting to the sun a thousand rays
The champions' helmets as the crystal blaze.
Ah now, the trembling ladies' cheeks how wan !
Cold crept their blood ; when through the tumult ran
A shout loud gathering : turn'd was every eye
Where rose the shout, the sudden cause to spy.
And lo, in shining arms a warrior rode,
With conscious pride his snorting courser trod ;

Low to the monarch and the dames he bends,
And now the great Magricio joins his friends.
With looks that glow'd, exulting rose the fair,
Whose wounded honour claim'd the hero's care:
Aside the doleful weeds of mourning thrown,
In dazzling purple and in gold she shone.
Now loud the signal of the fight rebounds
Quivering the air; the meeting shock resounds
Hoarse crashing uproar; griding splinters spring
Far round; and bucklers dash'd on bucklers ring:
Their swords flash lightning; darkly reeking o'er
The shining mail-plates flows the purple gore.
Torn by the spur, the loosened reins at large,
Furious the steeds in thundering plunges charge;
Trembles beneath their hoofs the solid ground,
And thick the fiery sparkles flash around,
A dreadful blaze! with pleasing horror thrill'd
The crowd behold the terrors of the field.
Here stunn'd, and staggering with the forceful blow,
A bending champion grasps the saddle-bow;
Here backward bent a falling knight reclines,
His plumes dishonour'd lash the courser's loins.

So tired and stagger'd toil the doubtful fight,
When great Magricio kindling all his might
Gave all his rage to burn: with headlong force,
Conscious of victory, his bounding horse
Wheels round and round the foe; the hero's spear
Now on the front, now flaming on the rear,
Mows down their firmest battle; groans the ground,
Beneath his courser's smiting hoofs; far round
The cloven helms and splinter'd shields resound.
Here, torn and trail'd in dust the harness gay,
From the fall'n master springs the steed away;
Obscene with dust and gore, slow from the ground
Rising, the master rolls his eyes around,
Pale as a spectre on the Stygian coast,
In all the rage of shame confused and lost.
Here low on earth, and o'er the riders thrown,
The wallowing coursers and the riders groan:
Before their glimmering vision dies the light,
And deep descends the gloom of death's eternal
 night.
They now who boasted, "Let the sword decide,"
Alone in flight's ignoble aid confide:

Loud to the sky the shout of joy proclaims

The spotless honour of the ladies' names.

In painted halls of state and rosy bowers,
The twelve brave Lusians crown the festive hours.
Bold Lancaster the princely feast bestows,
The goblet circles, and the music flows;
And every care, the transport of their joy,
To tend the knights the lovely dames employ;
The green-boughed forests by the lawns of Thames
Behold the victor-champions and the dames
Rouse the tall roe-buck o'er the dews of morn,
While through the dales of Kent resounds the
bugle-horn.

The sultry noon the princely banquet owns,
The minstrel's song of war the banquet crowns;
And when the shades of gentle evening fall,
Loud with the dance resounds the lordly hall:
The golden roofs, while Vesper shines, prolong
The trembling echoes of the harp and song.
Thus past the days on England's happy strand,
Till the dear memory of their natal land

Sigh'd for the banks of Tagus. Yet the breast
 Of brave Magrício spurns the thoughts of rest:
 In Gaul's proud court he sought the listed plain,
 In arms an injured lady's knight again.
 As Rome's Corvinus * o'er the field he strode,
 And on the foe's huge cuirass proudly trod.
 No more by Tyranny's proud tongue reviled,
 The Flandrian countess on her hero smiled†.

* *As Rome's Corvinus*—Valerius Maximus, a Roman tribune, who fought and slew a Gaul of enormous stature, in single combat. During the duel a raven perched on the helm of his antagonist, sometimes pecked his face and hand, and sometimes blinded him with the flapping of his wings. The victor was thence named Corvinus. Vid. Liv. l. 7. c. 26. Joam Franco Barreto, whose short nomenclature is printed as an index to the Portuguese editions of the Lusiad, informs us that Magrício was the son of the Marischal Concalo Coutinho, and brother to Don Vasco Coutinho, the first Count de Marialva.

† *The Flandrian countess on her hero smiled*—"The princess, for whom Magrício signalized his valour, was Isabella of Portugal, and spouse to Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, and earl of Flanders. Some Spanish chronicles relate, that Charles VII. of France, having assembled the states of his kingdom, cited Philip to appear with his other vassals. Isabella, who was present, solemnly protested that the earls of Flanders were not obliged to do homage. A dispute arose, on which she of-

The Rhine another past, and proved his might*,
A fraudulent German dared him to the fight;
Strain'd in his grasp the fraudulent boaster fell—
Here sudden stopt the youth; the distant yell
Of gathering tempest sounded in his ears,
Unheard, unheeded by his listening peers,
Earnest at full they urge him to relate
Magricio's combat, and the German's fate.

ferred, according to the custom of that age, to appeal to the fate of arms. The proposal was accepted, and Magricio, the champion of Isabella, vanquished a French chevalier, appointed by Charles. *Castera.*

* *The Rhine another past, and proved his might—*“ This was Alvaro Vaz d'Almada. The chronicle of Garibay relates, that at Basil he received from a German a challenge to measure swords, on condition that each should fight with his right side unarmed; the German by this hoping to be victorious, for he was left-handed. The Portuguese, suspecting no fraud, accepted the challenge. When the combat began, he perceived the inequality. His right side unarmed was exposed to the enemy, whose left side, which was nearest to him, was defended with half a cuirass. Notwithstanding all this, the brave Alvaro obtained the victory. He sprung upon the German, seized him, and grasping him forcibly in his arms, stifled and crushed him to death; imitating the conduct of Hercules, who in the same manner slew the cruel Anteus.” *Castera.*

When shrilly whistling through the decks resounds
The master's call, and loud his voice rebounds:
Instant from converse and from slumber start
Both bands, and instant to their toils they dart.
Aloft, Oh speed, down, down the topsails, cries
The Master, sudden from my earnest eyes
Vanish'd the stars, slow rolls the hollow sigh,
The storm's dread herald.—To the topsails fly
The bounding youths, and o'er the yard-arms whirl
The whizzing ropes, and swift the canvass furl;
When from their grasp the bursting tempests bore
The sheets half-gathered, and in fragments tore.
Strike, strike the mainsail, loud again he rears
His echoing voice; when roaring in their ears,
As if the starry vault by thunders riven,
Rush'd downward to the deep the walls of heaven:
With headlong weight a fiercer blast descends,
And with sharp whirring crash the main-sail rends;
Loud shrieks of horror through the fleet resound,
Bursts the torn cordage, rattle far around
The splinter'd yard-arms; from each bending mast,
In many a shred, far streaming on the blast

The canvass floats; low sinks the leeward side,
O'er the broad vessels rolls the swelling tide;
O strain each nerve, the frantic Pilot cries,
Oh now—and instant every nerve applies,
Tugging what cumbrous lay with strainful force;
Dash'd by the ponderous loads the surges hoarse
Roar in new whirls: the dauntless soldiers ran
To pump, yet ere the groaning pump began
The wave to vomit, o'er the decks o'erthrown
In grovelling heaps the stagger'd soldiers groan:
So rolls the vessel, not the boldest Three,
Of arm robustest, and of firmest knee,
Can guide the starting rudder; from their hands
The helm bursts; scarce a cable's strength commands
The staggering fury of its starting bounds,
While to the forceful beating surge resounds
The hollow crazing hulk: with kindling rage
The adverse winds the adverse winds engage:
As from its base of rock their banded power
Strove in the dust to strew some lordly tower,
Whose dented battlements in middle sky
Frown on the tempest and its rage defy;

So roar'd the winds: high o'er the rest upborne
On the wide mountain-wave's slant ridge forlorn,
At times discover'd by the lightnings blue,
Hangs GAMA's lofty vessel, to the view
Small as her boat; o'er Paulus' shatter'd prore
Falls the tall main-mast prone with crashing roar;
Their hands, yet grasping their uprooted hair,
The sailors lift to heaven in wild despair;
The Saviour God each yelling voice implores:
Nor less from brave Coello's war-ship pours
The shriek, shrill rolling on the tempest's wings:
Dire as the bird of death at midnight sings
His dreary howlings in the sick man's ear,
The answering shriek from ship to ship they hear.
Now on the mountain billows upward driven,
The navy mingles with the clouds of heaven;
Now rushing downward with the sinking waves,
Bare they behold old Ocean's vaulty caves.
The eastern blast against the western pours,
Against the southern storm the northern roars:
From pole to pole the flashy lightnings glare,
One pale blue twinkling sheet enwraps the air;

In swift succession now the volleys fly,
Darted in pointed curvings o'er the sky,
And through the horrors of the dreadful night,
O'er the torn waves they shed a ghastly light;
The breaking surges flame with burning red,
Wider and louder still the thunders spread,
As if the solid heavens together crush'd,
Expiring worlds on worlds expiring rush'd,
And dim-brow'd Chaos struggled to regain
The wild confusion of his ancient reign.
Not such the volley when the arm of Jove
From heaven's high gates the rebel Titans drove;
Not such fierce lightnings blazed athwart the flood,
When, saved by heaven, Deucalion's vessel rode *

* ——— *Deucalion's vessel rode*—Deucalion, son of Prometheus, king of Thessaly. According to the ancients the impiety of the world irritated Jupiter to destroy mankind, and immediately the earth exhibited a boundless scene of waters, and the highest mountains were overflowed. Prometheus advised his son to make himself a ship, by which means he saved himself and his wife Pyrrha. The vessel was tossed about nine successive days, and at last stopt on the top of Mount Parnassus.

High o'er the deluged hills. Along the shore
The Halcyons, mindful of their fate, deplore* ;
As beating round on trembling wings they fly,
Shrill through the storm their woeful clamours die.
So from the tomb, when midnight veils the plains,
With shrill, faint voice, th' untimely ghost complains.

* *The Halcyons, mindful of their fate, deplore* — Ceyx, king of Trachinia, son of Lucifer, married Alcyone, the daughter of Eolus. On a voyage to consult the Delphic Oracle he was shipwrecked. His corpse was thrown ashore in the view of his spouse, who, in the agonies of her love and despair, threw herself into the sea. The Gods, in pity of her pious fidelity, metamorphosed them into the birds which bear her name. The Halcyon is a little bird, about the size of a thrush, its plumage of a beautiful sky blue, mixed with some traits of white and carnation. It is vulgarly called the King, or Martin Fisher. The Halcyons very seldom appear but in the finest weather, whence they are fabled to build their nests on the waves. The female is no less remarkable than the turtle, for her conjugal affection. She nourishes and attends the male when sick, and survives his death but a few days. When the Halcyons are surprised in a tempest, they fly about as in the utmost terror, with the most lamentable and doleful cries. To introduce them therefore in the picture of a storm, is a proof both of the taste and judgment of Camoens.

The amorous dolphins to their deepest caves
In vain retreat to fly the furious waves;
High o'er the mountain-capes the ocean flows,
And tears the aged forests from their brows:
The pine and oak's huge sinewy roots uptorn,
And from their beds the dusky sands, upborne
On the rude whirlings of the billowy sweep,
Imbrown the surface of the boiling deep.
High to the poop the valiant GAMA springs,
And all the rage of grief his bosom wrings,
Grief to behold, the while fond hope enjoy'd
The meed of all his toils, that hope destroy'd.
In awful horror lost the Hero stands,
And rolls his eyes to heaven, and spreads his hands,
While to the clouds his vessel rides the swell,
And now her black keel strikes the gates of hell;
Oh thou, he cries, whom trembling heaven obeys,
Whose will the tempest's furious madness sways,
Who, through the wild waves, led'st thy chosen race,
While the high billows stood like walls of brass:
Oh thou, while ocean bursting o'er the world
Roar'd o'er the hills, and from the sky down hurl'd

Rush'd other headlong oceans; Oh, as then
The second father of the race of men
Safe in thy care the dreadful billows rode,
Oh! save us now, be now the saviour God!
Safe in thy care, what dangers have we past!
And shalt thou leave us, leave us now at last
To perish here—our dangers and our toils
To spread thy laws unworthy of thy smiles;
Our vows unheard—Heavy with all thy weight,
Oh horror, come! and come, eternal night!

He paused;—then round his eyes and arms he threw
In gesture wild, and thus; Oh happy you!
You, who in Afric fought for holy Faith,
And, pierced with Moorish spears, in glorious death
Beheld the smiling heavens your toils reward,
By your brave mates beheld the conquest shared;
Oh happy you, on every shore renown'd!
Your vows respected, and your wishes crown'd.

He spoke; redoubled raged the mingled blasts;
Through the torn cordage and the shattered masts

The winds loud whistled, fiercer lightnings blazed,
And louder roars the doubled thunders raised,
The sky and ocean blending, each on fire,
Seem'd as all Nature struggled to expire.

When now the silver star of Love appear'd,
Bright in the east her radiant front she rear'd;
Fair through the horrid storm the gentle ray
Announced the promise of the cheerful day;
From her bright throne Celestial Love beheld
The tempest burn, and blast on blast impell'd:
And must the furious Dæmon still, she cries,
Still urge his rage, nor all the past suffice!
Yet as the past, shall all his rage be vain—
She spoke, and darted to the roaring main;
Her lovely nymphs she calls, the nymphs obey,
Her nymphs the Virtues who confess her sway;
Round every brow she bids the rose-buds twine,
And every flower adown the locks to shine,
The snow-white lily and the laurel green,
And pink and yellow as at strife be seen.
Instant amid their golden ringlets strove
Each flowret, planted by the hand of Love;

At strife, who first th' enamour'd Powers to gain,
Who rule the tempests and the waves restrain :
Bright as a starry band the Nereids shone,
Instant old Eolus' * sons their presence own ;
The winds die faintly, and in softest sighs
Each at his Fair one's feet desponding lies.
The bright Orithia, threatening, sternly chides
The furious Boreas, and his faith derides ;
The furious Boreas owns her powerful bands :
Fair Galatea, with a smile commands
The raging Notus, for his love, how true,
His fervent passion and his faith, she knew.
Thus every Nymph her various Lover chides ;
The silent winds are fetter'd by their brides ;
And to the goddess of Celestial loves,
Mild as her look, and gentle as her doves
In flowery bands are brought. Their amorous flame
The Queen approves, and ever burn the same,
She cries, and joyful on the Nymphs' fair hands,
Th' Eolian race receive the Queen's commands,
And vow, that henceforth her Armada's sails
Should gently swell with fair propitious gales.

* For the fable of Eolus see the tenth Odyssey.

Now morn, serene in dappled grey, arose
O'er the fair lawns where murmuring Ganges flows ;
Pale shone the wave beneath the golden beam ;
Blue o'er the silver flood Malabria's mountains gleam :
The sailors on the main-top's airy round,
Land, land, aloud, with waving hands, resound ;
Aloud the Pilot of Melinda cries,
Behold, O Chief, the shores of India rise !
Elate the joyful crew on tip-toe trod,
And every breast with swelling raptures glow'd ;
GAMA's great soul confest the rushing swell,
Prone on his manly knees the Hero fell,
Oh bounteous heaven, he cries, and spreads his hands
To bounteous heaven, while boundless joy commands
No farther word to flow. In wonder lost,
As one in horrid dreams through whirlpools tost,
Now snatch'd by Dæmons rides the flaming air,
And howls, and hears the howlings of despair ;
Awaked, amazed, confused with transport glows,
And, trembling still, with troubled joy o'erflows ;
So, yet affected with the sickly weight
Left by the horrors of the dreadful night,

The Hero wakes in raptures to behold
The Indian shores before his prows unfold:
Bounding he rises, and with eyes on fire
Surveys the limits of his proud desire.

O glorious Chief, while storms and oceans raved,
What hopeless toils thy dauntless valour braved!
By toils like thine the brave ascend to heaven;
By toils like thine immortal fame is given.
Not he, who daily moves in ermine gown,
Who nightly slumbers on the couch of down;
Who proudly boasts through heroes old to trace
The lordly lineage of his titled race;
Proud of the smiles of every courtier lord,
A welcome guest at every courtier's board;
Not he, the feeble son of ease, may claim
Thy wreath, O GAMA, or may hope thy fame.
'Tis he, who nurtured on the tented field,
From whose brown cheek each tint of fear expell'd,
With manly face unmoved, secure, serene,
Amidst the thunders of the deathful scene,
From horror's mouth dares snatch the warrior's crown,
His own his honours, all his fame his own:

Who proudly just to honour's stern commands,
The dog-star's rage on Afric's burning sands,
Or the keen air of midnight polar skies,
Long watchful by the helm, alike defies:
Who on his front, the trophies of the wars,
Bears his proud knighthood's badge, his honest scars;
Who clothed in steel, by thirst, by famine worn,
Through raging seas by bold ambition borne,
Scornful of gold, by noblest ardour fired,
Each wish by mental dignity inspired,
Prepared each ill to suffer or to dare,
To bless mankind, his great his only care;
Him whom her son mature Experience owns,
Him, him alone Heroic Glory crowns*.

* Once more the translator is tempted to confess his opinion, that the contrary practice of Homer and Virgil affords in reality no reasonable objection against the exclamatory exuberances of Camoens. Homer, though the father of the epic poem, has his exuberances, as has been already observed, which violently trespass against the first rule of the *Epopœia*, the unity of the action: a rule which, strictly speaking, is not outraged by the digressive exclamations of Camoens. The one now before us, as the severest critic must allow, is happily adapted to the subject of the book. The great dangers which the hero had hitherto encountered, are particularly described. He is afterwards brought in safety to the Indian shore, the ob-

ject of his ambition, and of all his toils. The exclamation therefore on the grand hinge of the poem, has its propriety, and discovers the warmth of its author's genius. It must also please, as it is strongly characteristical of the temper of our military poet. The manly contempt with which he speaks of the luxurious inactive courtier, and the delight and honour with which he talks of the toils of the soldier, present his own active life to the reader of sensibility. His campaigns in Africa, where in a gallant attack he lost an eye, his dangerous life at sea, and the military fatigues, and the battles in which he bore an honourable share in India, rise to our idea, and possess us with an esteem and admiration of our martial poet, who thus could look back with a gallant enthusiasm, though his modesty does not mention himself, on all the hardships he had endured: who thus could bravely esteem the dangers to which he had been exposed, and by which he had severely suffered, and as the most desirable occurrences of his life, and the ornament of his name.

It remains now to make some observations on the machinery used by Camoens in this book. The necessity of machinery in the *Epopœia*, and the perhaps insurmountable difficulty of finding one unexceptionably adapted to a Poem where the heroes are Christians, or, in other words, to a Poem whose subject is modern, have already been observed. The descent of Bacchus to the Palace of Neptune in the depths of the sea, and his address to the watery Gods, are noble imitations of Virgil's Juno in the first *Æneid*. The description of the storm is also masterly. In both instances the conduct of the *Æneid* is joined with the descriptive exuberance of the *Odyssey*. The appearance of the star of Venus through the storm is finely imagined, the influence of the nymphs of that Goddess over the winds,

and their subsequent nuptials, are in the spirit of the promise of Juno to Eolus :

*Sunt mihi bis septem præstanti corpore nymphae:
Quarum, quæ forma pulcherrima, Deïopeiam
Connubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo:
Omnes ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos
Exigat, et pulchra faciat te prole parentem.*

And the fiction itself is an allegory exactly in the manner of Homer. Orithia, the daughter of Erecteus, and queen of the Amazons, was ravished and carried away by Boreas. Her name derived from ὄρος, *bound or limit*, and θύα, *violence*, implies, says Castera, that she moderated the rage of her husband. In the same manner, Galatea, derived from γάλα, *milk*, and θεά, *a goddess*, signifies the Goddess of candour or innocence.

“If one would speak poetically,” says Bossu, “he must imitate Homer. Homer will not say that salt has the virtue to preserve dead bodies, or that the sea presented Achilles a remedy to preserve the corpse of Patroclus from putrefaction: he makes the sea a Goddess, and tells us that Thetis, to comfort Achilles, promised to perfume the body with an Ambrosia, which should keep it a whole year from corruption.—All this is told us poetically, the whole is reduced into action, the sea is made a person who speaks and acts, and this *prosopopæia* is accompanied with passion, tenderness, and affection.”

It has been observed by the critics, that Homer, in the battle of the Gods, has, with great propriety, divided their auxiliary forces. On the side of the *Greeks* he places all the Gods who preside over the arts and sciences. Mars and Venus favour the adultery of Paris; and Apollo is for the Trojans, as their

strength consisted chiefly in the use of the bow. Talking of the battle, "With what art," says *Eustathius*, as cited by *Pope*, "does the Poet engage the Gods in this conflict! *Neptune* opposes *Apollo*, which implies, that things moist and dry are in continual discord. *Pallas* fights with *Mars*, which signifies that rashness and wisdom always disagree: *Juno* is against *Diana*, that is, nothing more differs from a marriage state than celibacy: *Vulcan* engages *Xanthus*, that is, fire and water are in perpetual variance. Thus we have a fine allegory concealed under the veil of excellent poetry, and the reader conceives a double satisfaction at the same time, from the beautiful verses and an instructive moral." And again, "the combat of *Mars* and *Pallas* is plainly allegorical. Justice and Wisdom demanded, that an end should be put to this terrible war; the God of war opposes this, but is worsted.—No sooner has our reason subdued one temptation, but another succeeds to re-inforce it; thus *Venus* succours *Mars*.—*Pallas* retreated from *Mars* in order to conquer him; this shews us that the best way to subdue a temptation is to retreat from it."

These explications of the manner of Homer ought, in justice, to be applied to his imitator; nor is the moral part of the allegory of Camoens less exact than the mythological. In the present instances his allegory is peculiarly happy. The rage and endeavours of the evil Dæmon to prevent the interests of Christianity are strongly marked. The storm which he raises is the tumult of the human passions; these are most effectually subdued by the influence of the virtues, which more immediately depend upon Celestial Love; and the union which she confirms between the virtues and passions, is the surest pledge of future tranquillity.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

Amelia Lashley



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